

THE *Sign*



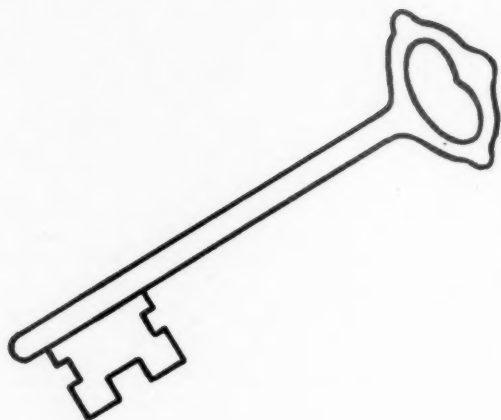
NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



Calm Before Battle
(P. 456)

Five Years Have Passed
Don Sharkey

March 1944
Page 90



You MAY HOLD THE KEY

—To unlock a storehouse of grace for your neighbor. It may be that what you give, as well as what you give up, will be a source of grace for someone else. We suggest that you turn the key by entering a subscription for someone this Lent.

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Whose reading is questionable ... whose home needs a more Catholic tone.

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Personal Mention

► Don Sharkey was born in Middletown, Ohio. After graduation from the University of Dayton, he did newspaper work for a few years. At present he is the editor of the *Young Catholic Messenger*. His latest book, *White Smoke Over The Vatican*, is published this month and has been named a selection of the Bruce Literary Foundation.

► Richard Pattee, lecturer on American institutions at the University of Mexico, is a native of Arizona, was educated at the University of Arizona, Catholic University in Washington, Coimbra in Portugal, and Louvain in Belgium. From 1938 to 1943 he was head of the Latin-American Section of the State Department's Division of Cultural Relations.

► The short stories this month are contributed by Michael McLaverty and Harold Channing Wire. Mr. McLaverty lives and teaches in Belfast, Ireland. A master of the short story, he has also written the books, *Call My Brother Back* and *Lost Fields*. Mr. Wire is a Californian and since 1927 a free-lance writer. Over two hundred articles and stories of his have appeared in periodicals. During the last war he was a flying cadet of the U.S. Army Air Service.

► John C. O'Brien, member of the Washington Bureau of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, is a veteran commentator on the Washington newsfront. His article this month is an analysis of the postwar rivalry of our American ships and planes.

► Our poets this month are Sister Maris Stella and John Bunker. The former is a Sister of St. Joseph, has an M.A. from Oxford University, is a member of the English Department of the College of St. Catherine in St. Paul, Minnesota, and is the author of a volume of verse, *Here Only A Dove*. Mr. Bunker has had a varied career—reporter, publisher's reader, advertising manager, author of *Shining Field And Dark Tower* and editor of *Selected Poems of Thomas Walsh*.

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THE Sign



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CONTENTS

March 1944

ARTICLES

FIVE YEARS HAVE PASSED.....	Don Sharkey	453
THE HELENA STRIKES BACK.....	Cox'n Michael DeCicco	456
THE BEACHHEAD WAS HIS PARISH....	Elizabeth McFadden	462
A LOOK INTO THE FUTURE.....	John C. O'Brien	465
UNNECESSARY, UNWELCOME, UNWISE.....	Richard Pattee	468
ATLANTIC CHARTER ON TRIAL....	Francis Stuart Campbell	482

SHORT STORIES

EVENING IN WINTER.....	Michael McLaverty	460
THE BEGINNING.....	Harold Channing Wire	472

EDITORIALS

STALIN'S NEW ORDER.....	Ralph Gorman, C.P.	450
CURRENT FACT AND COMMENT.....		451

THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA

CHINA WILL NOT DIE.....	✠Cuthbert M. O'Gara, C.P.	477
-------------------------	---------------------------	-----

FEATURES—DEPARTMENTS

PERSONAL MENTION		449
ANTHEM IN TIME OF WAR—Poem.....	John Bunker	467
MOMENT BEFORE LANDING—Poem.....	Sr. Maris Stella	471
WOMAN TO WOMAN.....	Katherine Burton	485
STAGE AND SCREEN.....	Jerry Cotter	486
SIGN POST: QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.....		489
LETTERS		492
CATEGORICA		494
BOOKS		496
FICTION IN FOCUS.....	John S. Kennedy	503

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Editorial

Stalin's New Order

TWO years ago we were being lectured on our complacency toward the war. We are still complacent—but now it is about the postwar world. And we are not being lectured about it. In fact, many of those who should be telling the public the plain facts of life about the dangers that lie ahead are quite cocksure of the beneficent role American ideas and ideals are going to play in a postwar Utopia.

There are growing indications that we are due for a rude awakening. Stalin has begun to serve notice that he too has ideas on how to build the postwar world and he is evidently employing a different architect.

In the Atlantic Charter Great Britain and the United States condemned territorial changes without the consent of the governed, and advocated the restoration of self-government to those who had been forcibly deprived of it. At the Moscow Conference, Russia, Great Britain, and the United States agreed to the closest co-operation in European affairs.

RECENT Soviet actions and policies are in direct contradiction to these declarations. The Polish situation raises just the sort of question that is envisaged in the Atlantic Charter and the Moscow Conference. Not only does Stalin claim parts of Poland, but he has failed to take up the question with Britain and the United States and has even rejected British and American co-operation in seeking a solution.

This question is more than a mere boundary dispute. It concerns the whole postwar structure of Europe and the world. The fundamental question is whether international difficulties are to be settled on a unilateral basis, with the strong dictating to the weak, or whether we are to have an international organization in which all nations, great and small, will submit to some form of mediation or arbitration.

THERE are indications, too, that Soviet Russia is planning a system of buffer states on her borders under her domination. This cordon sanitaire in reverse would extend from Finland in the northwest all the way around to Manchuria in the northeast. While nominally independent, these countries would really be puppet states, governed by what the Reds call "friendly governments," governments subservient to Moscow and dependent on Soviet good will.

The recent decision of the Soviet government to grant autonomy in foreign affairs and military defense to the individual states of the Soviet Union is further indication of the way the wind is blowing. If the purpose of this decree is really to grant greater power to the individual states, why is it passed in time of war when it is patently impossible to put it into effect?

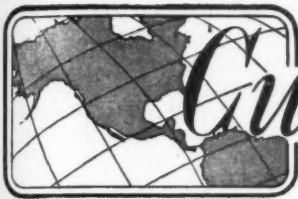
A MORE logical explanation of the autonomy decree is that it represents an extension of the "puppet-state" policy. This latter policy refers only to countries bordering the Soviet Union. Now, Stalin would seem to be planning his own New Order for Europe and the world. He is reaching out even beyond the border states of Russia.

The autonomy decree is not intended as a means of reorganizing the Soviet Union, but as a means of incorporating other countries into that Union. The U.S.S.R. is presented to the world as a confederation of free states modeled on the British Commonwealth of Nations. As the Red Army rolls westward and as the Nazi hold is loosened on the various occupied countries of Europe, these countries—and Germany as well—will be "invited" to join the Soviet Union as "free and independent" states. Plebiscites may be used, but that is a matter of indifference as in this the Soviet system resembles the Nazi in allowing the voter no choice.

AMERICAN thinking on the postwar world is based solidly on the Atlantic Charter and the various agreements we have made with our allies. If Soviet Russia considers these documents to be mere scraps of paper, we Americans had better revise our policies. We may not be able to prevent Stalin from continuing the aggressive program he inaugurated in 1939, but we can save ourselves the shame, humiliation, and guilt of giving him our consent and blessing.

Appeasement will pay no greater dividends at Moscow than it did at Munich.

Fraser Ralph Gorman, C.P.



Current FACT AND COMMENT

**Looking Back
To 1939**

WHEN Pope Pius XII began his reign five years ago this March, he faced the impossible task of preserving peace among nations intent on war. The Church herself was beset with enemies on all sides. Of all her foes, atheistic Communism was the most insidious. But in 1939 it was less of a threat than the militarily prepared neo-paganism of Nazi Germany. Pius XI had excoriated Communism and Nazism, as well as the Fascism of the strutting Duce who dwelled across the Tiber. In Catholic Italy relations were strained. England and France were desperately backing the appeasement drive. Europe was one vast powder barrel. All men knew the explosion would bring the twilight of civilization. Then Pius XI died. Cardinal Pacelli, taking the name Pius XII, took up the losing cause of peace. The day after his election, in his first speech, he made an appeal to all peoples to dedicate themselves to peace. The very motto he chose for his pontificate was *Opus Iustitiae Pax*—"The work of justice is peace."

Hardly had the triple crown been placed on his head when the swastika legions marched into Czechoslovakia. Appeasement had failed. Mussolini, hopping on the bandwagon, promptly sent his Fascist army into Albania. This was in April. Publicly, in his Easter sermon, Pius XII rebuked the Axis, "How is peace possible if pacts solemnly sanctioned and the plighted word have lost that security and value which are the indispensable bases of reciprocal confidence?" Our own President on April 15 appealed to Hitler and Mussolini not to jeopardize the sovereignty of small states. Hitler's answer to Pope and President was new demands on Danzig and denouncement of the German-Polish nonaggression pact of 1934. The Holy See promptly placed itself at the disposal of Berlin, Warsaw, London, Rome, and Paris that they might have a common meeting ground. Each of the five governments answered that it did not want war. Yet preparation for war went on feverishly. Vatican steps to preserve peace went on just as feverishly. Throughout the summer of 1939 diplomats swarmed to the Vatican. The Polish-German dispute became more delicate with each day that passed. And then came the Soviet-German pact. The private, personal appeal for peace made to the heads of governments having failed, Pius XII addressed himself publicly to the peoples of Europe and their leaders. "There is still time," he pleaded. "Nothing is lost through peace, everything may be lost through war. Let men again understand each other. Let them resume negotiations." Following this advice, England and France, now joined by Italy, tried to induce Berlin and Warsaw to start negotiations. What might have succeeded was foredoomed by the Berlin-Moscow agreement.

On August 31 in the early dawn Pope Pius finished writing his final appeal to Germany and Poland to adjust their grievances, and to England, France, and Italy to support his request.

It was the last papal appeal to avert war. At 5:45 on the

morning of September 1, Nazi troops invaded Poland. Pius had failed. Less than three weeks later Soviet Russia invaded Poland from the east.

ONCE the war started the Pope's every effort was directed to shortening the time of conflict. He appealed to the belligerents to observe international law in battle. He attempted

Papal Efforts Continue

to forestall the spread of war-madness. He wrote the first encyclical of his pontificate in October. It condemned the errors that had bred war—totalitarian government, racism, Godlessness. It amounted to a condemnation of Nazism and Communism, the refutation of the principles of Fascist absolutism, and a plea for Poland. As if for answer, Russia attacked Finland. When Germany marched through the Lowlands and conquered France, the conflagration was on. Nothing could stop it.

Looking back to 1939, we now know that no single person in all the world did more to avert war than Pope Pius XII. For five years now, with public pronouncements, through diplomatic channels, by his condemnation of moral error and his championing of the victims of war, he has done all mortal man can do to guide the world to peace.

And through it all, he has remained above the conflict. Catholics are on both sides of the battle line. He is Father of the erring as well as the just. He has remained above the conflict of governments. There are Catholics in Fascist and democratic governing bodies. He has allied himself with no form. For his primary concern is and must be the spiritual good of all men. Neutral in all else, when moral evil stalks abroad he cannot be silent. He must speak. He must condemn. He must not condone. This is of necessity the Vatican policy in war.

WHEN Myron C. Taylor was appointed by President Roosevelt as his personal representative at the Vatican, the letter to Pope Pius XII announcing the choice stated that the reason

Soviet Russia and the Vatican

the President was sending a personal envoy was "in order that our parallel endeavors for peace and the alleviation of suffering may be assisted." On January 22, 1940, *Izvestia*, official organ of the Soviet Government, was bitter in its attack on Pope Pius and rebuked the President for his step. As for the Vatican, it was merely "an offshoot of European medievalism" which gave "signs of life as though the blood of those killed in war had infused it with vital forces." Of course then Russia and Germany were allies. They had divided Poland between them and left the Axis free to spread its Fascist absolutism over Western Europe. Stalin had telegraphed Hitler that "our friendship is sealed with blood." With the Soviet, friendship as well as hostility seem to be expressed best in terms of blood.

The years have passed. Polish blood was a poor seal for

friendship. Hitler and Stalin are in a death struggle. And now *Izvestia* has spoken again. It has called the Pope pro-Fascist and has informed Catholics they are disillusioned. The Vatican "has approved many acts of aggression by Fascism although the true meaning of these aggressions was no secret." It charges that in the present war the Vatican has supported Fascist States and sanctioned the destruction of other States.

As the *New York Times* remarked editorially, "There is no profit in recalling matters of this kind, or in raking over the old coals of what ought to be bygone disagreements. *Izvestia* makes it necessary to do so, as the only available means of measuring the good faith of its own attack. *Izvestia* is the official newspaper of the Soviet Government. It ought to be well enough informed to know that the Vatican, as a temporal power, is a neutral state with which Russia's great allies, Britain and the United States, have friendly and confident relations. These nations have no doubt where the real sympathy of the Vatican lies in this struggle. They recognize the inescapable neutrality of the Pope's position; but they have had no difficulty in finding in his eloquent declarations clear evidence of his detestation for those who have violated the rights of the little nations, who have committed bestial acts from one end of Europe to the other, and who have attempted to elevate the dogma of Totalitarianism to the dignity of a new religion."

This attack on the Vatican, made with what the *Times* labels "such lighthearted recklessness," is one of the worst blows to Allied unity that has yet arisen. The same editorial in the *Times* accuses *Izvestia* of "palpable insincerity," of being "unjust and intemperate."

There is no need now to present the rebuttal to these Soviet charges. This has already been done. But for the sake of Allied unity it is time for the Allied Nations to make it clear that Allied blood is not being spilled all over this earth to facilitate a path to a Soviet Munich or to entitle our Russian ally to jeopardize the peace for which we fight. It is time, and the time is now.

The uncalled-for rebuke to Wendell Willkie, the rejection of Anglo-American offers to help in the Polish dispute, the persistent refusal to negotiate with the present Polish Government in exile, the separate-peace allegation *Pravda* sponsored against Britain, the new autonomy plan sprung on the world, and the charge of pro-Axis bias on the part of the Vatican—all these are so many hurdles to unity. Not a one was necessary or thinkable if Russia really were looking toward a postwar world of collaboration, not of Russian isolation and Russian hegemony over half the globe. For some time now it has not been considered politic to venture any criticism of the Soviet. Our ally, you know. The time is now for us to find out just where we stand. There can be no trust without understanding. There can be no understanding so long as Soviet bombs are being tossed with lighthearted recklessness into the building of Allied unity.

THE one archenemy of atheistic Communism is the Catholic Church. From its inception, the Church has condemned it and fought it and unmasked it for what is really is. When Communism reared its head in Spain, the Vatican backed Franco. When Soviet Russia invaded Poland, *L'Osservatore Romano* called it "a cowardly

Russia Fears The Vatican

act on a false pretext." When Soviet troops attacked Finland, the Pope himself denounced it as a "premeditated aggression against a small, industrious, and peaceful people on the pretext of a threat that neither exists nor is desired, nor is

possible." The Vatican has consistently defended the rights of small nations to their independence. This is not the Soviet policy. If the Soviet policy is to prevail at the conclusion of the war, there is one power Russia cannot afford to have present at the Peace Conference. That is the Pope. If the ideals and the ambitions of the United States, Britain, and their other allies are to be saved, there is one power the Allies cannot afford not to have present at the Peace Conference. And that is the Pope. We may expect the Kremlin to do all in its power to discredit the Vatican in the eyes of the world. For the Kremlin dreads the power and influence of the man who has for weapons only justice, moral right, and common, fundamental natural law. During the months to come it is to Allied advantage to make it clear that the Pope of Peace will not only be present at the Peace Table but will preside over the liquidation of the injustices of the world.

EACH month you get THE SIGN there are millions of Americans who do not get it, who do not see it. And yet in each issue there is found much that would be of inestimable value

A Lenten Suggestion

to all these potential millions could they be reached. As a positive deed of Catholic Action you can reduce the number of non-readers of THE SIGN by putting it into the hands of at least one other person. You can perhaps subscribe for at least one of these persons as explained on both inside covers of this issue. It would be a Lenten act that would bear fruit long after Lent is over. The cost involved for you might be merely one act of self-denial. The good done would last a year. The merit of it would last for eternity.

THE whole of the present month falls within the Season of Lent. March this year is therefore in its entirety a month of penitential surrender. For after all, that is what Lent means

Positive vs. Negative

to many Catholics—just giving up things. Giving up movies. Giving up candy. Giving up dancing. The rest of life goes serenely on just as before. It's merely a question of living as usual save for a few of the bodily indulgences permitted during the rest of the year. Undoubtedly, this self-denial is a fine thing. But only insofar as it is related to a higher end. Mortification in itself isn't of much worth. What makes it valuable and even essential is that it tends to subdue bodily demands. And the more in control the body is kept, the more is the soul free to be virtuous. Virtues are the soul's adornment. Virtues are the family resemblances we have to Christ. And virtue is something positive. Virtue is something to be acquired by practice, not something negative to be given us because of our omissions. All of which means that it is not enough to give things up for Lent. We must go further and positively do things. Only by positive action do we co-operate with Christ in His Passion. And only by co-operating in His Passion do we share in Redemption.

In these days when men and women all over the world are performing heroic deeds of sacrifice, little Lenten self-denials take on a petty aspect. The Lenten Season demands something much more of us this year. Hate is surging through the world. Hate is the fodder of this war. Only the virtue of charity, only love, love like the love of Him who had all the atrocities of Calvary to bear, can smother this disease of hate that is eating into men's very souls. Lent demands that love, Christian love of all men, find its way back into our hearts. No mere counsel this. . . . "By this shall all men know that you are My disciples, that you have love one for another."



Pia Photo

The Coronation of Pope Pius XII, which took place on March 12, 1939, just five years ago this month

Five Years Have Passed

By DON SHARKEY

A GREAT throng was waiting anxiously in the square in front of St. Peter's. All eyes were on a little chimney rising above the Sistine Chapel. It was toward evening.

For three weeks the great Roman Catholic Church had been without a head. The beloved Pope Pius XI had died February 10, 1939. Now on Thursday, March 2, sixty-two Cardinals from all parts of the world had gathered in solemn conclave in the Sistine Chapel to select a new Supreme Pontiff. It was a critical moment in the world's history. A great new World War was threatening, a war which everyone knew would dwarf anything this planet had ever seen. Who would lead the Church in the dark and stormy days that lay ahead?

The Cardinals were cut off from all contact with the world outside, and this was the first day of the balloting. The little chimney over the Sistine Chapel was the only indication of what was going on inside. Twice, little puffs of black smoke had risen from the chimney. No decision! When no Cardinal receives

the required two-thirds of the votes, the ballots are mixed with wet straw and burned in a little stove. When a decision has been reached, the ballots are burned without the straw. This makes white smoke.

The crowd waited anxiously. In all parts of the world Catholics and non-Catholics alike sat tensely by their radios. Everyone recognized the great spiritual force of the Pope, and thousands not of his faith looked to him as the only hope for a world gone mad.

Suddenly another puff of smoke appeared from the chimney. The crowd stirred excitedly. What color was it? At first it was difficult to tell. White! It was white! A thunderous cheer arose. "We have a Pope!" In many languages

Since March 1939, when Pope Pius XII began his reign, he has worked for a just peace in a world gone to war

excited radio announcers told the story to the world. The name of the new Pope, they said, was unknown. He was being robed and would receive the obedience of the Cardinals. In a few minutes he would appear on the balcony above St. Peter's and give his blessing to the city and the world.

A white tapestry bearing the Papal coat of arms was hung from the railing of the balcony above the entrance to St. Peter's. The Cardinal Dean appeared on the balcony and stood before a microphone. Silence fell over the square. Millions sitting by their radios waited breathlessly for the announcement that was to follow.

The Cardinal Dean spoke in Latin, "I announce to you tidings of great joy. We have a Pope. He is Eugenio—" At this, wild cheering burst from the crowd. No need to finish the name. Everyone knew and loved the former Papal Secretary of State. Everyone agreed that the perfect choice had been made. When the speaker could make himself heard he concluded, "—Cardinal Pacelli. He will take the name Pius."

Shadows were falling as the white-clad figure of the new Holy Father was seen approaching the balcony railing. The people in the square and millions by their radios fell to their knees. Pope Pius XII raised his right hand and made the Sign of the Cross.

This was the first time in history that a newly elected Pope had given his blessing to the world by radio. It was the first time in centuries that a Papal Secretary of State had been elected Pope. It was also the first time in centuries that a Pope had been elected on the first day of balloting.

Darkness fell, but a large part of the crowd remained in the square. Everywhere stood little groups of people discussing the momentous events of the day.

"God has been good to us," the people said. "He has given us another great and holy man to guide us through these troubled times."

The people did not look in vain to Pope Pius XII as their greatest hope of preserving peace. From the moment of his election he devoted himself to the task of averting the conflict that was impending. That he was not successful was due to no lack of effort on his part.

Within twenty-four hours of his election the Pontiff broadcast a plea to the world to enjoy peace of conscience, peace of family, and peace among nations. His voice was deeply moved as he declared that peace was his first wish as he mounted the throne of St. Peter.

Papal nuncios and representatives strove to persuade the heads of governments to settle their disputes by arbitration. The Holy Father himself sent message after message to the world's rulers. Audience after audience was held with those who could in any way be

instrumental in preventing the war. On many nights the Pope had only three hours' sleep. In all, he made seven public appeals for peace in the six months following his election.

On August 24 Pope Pius broadcast a message *To Those in Power and their Peoples*, saying: "Nothing is lost by peace, but everything may be lost by war. Men often retrace their steps and yield to negotiation. Once they begin discussing with good will and respect for mutual rights, they will discover that peaceful negotiations never stood in the way of a creditable issue. . . . We know the heart of every mother beats in response with ours. . . ."

A week later, on August 31, he sent messages to the Polish and German governments begging them not to start hostilities. The very next day the German invasion of Poland began, and World War II was underway.

Once the war had started, the Pope adopted a policy of strict neutrality, but this did not keep him from protesting when the rights of other neutrals were violated. He sent messages of sympathy to Poland, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, and Luxembourg. When Denmark and Norway were invaded, *Osservatore Romano*, semi-official Vatican newspaper, said, "The territorial neutrality of two more countries has been violated. Those who have defended the sacred rights of neutral countries against all and any cannot but regard with the deepest pain this sudden and dramatic extension of the theater of war."

Although unsuccessful in his efforts to prevent the war, the Holy Father worked to prevent its spreading. For a time Italy remained neutral despite its unholy alliance with Germany. Pope Pius XII and his predecessor, Pope Pius

XI, had both had troubles with Premier Mussolini, but now it looked as if Mussolini were working with the Pontiff in the latter's attempt to keep Italy out of the war.

"But," says Camille M. Cianfarra, for seven years the Vatican correspondent of the *New York Times*, "while the Pope's policy was dictated by humanitarian motives—the prevention of bloodshed and destruction—Mussolini's policy was merely the result of what he thought to be a shrewd calculation. Italy's dictator was gaining time, while preparing to enter the war in its last stages, that is when Hitler had disposed of France for him. He played a hypocritical game with the Pope, encouraging the hope that Italy really intended to stay neutral."

No people ever went into a war more unwillingly than the Italians. The years of war in Ethiopia and Spain had given them an intense longing for peace, and they did not like the idea of being allied with Germany. Their dislike for the war increased as the Germans moved in and virtually took over the Government of Italy. It increased still more as the necessities of life became more and more scarce. Mussolini's popularity declined to a point where he was kept in power only by the detested German troops.

As the popularity of Mussolini declined to zero point, that of the Holy Father rose even higher than it had been before. The Italian people knew how hard he had worked to maintain peace and then to keep Italy out of the war. "If only our leaders had listened to him," the people said. Thousands flocked to his audiences. He received great ovations every time he appeared in public.

Despite the Holy Father's great popularity with the people, his lot was not a happy one. The Fascist leaders and their German friends regarded him as an enemy. Police were posted outside the gates of Vatican City to report the identity of visitors to the Holy See. Telephone wires leading into the Vatican were tapped. The Fascists were even thought to have agents inside Vatican City. Priests throughout the country were told that the preaching of peace and the brotherhood of man was in conflict with Fascist doctrines.

The circulation of *Osservatore Romano* zoomed because it was the only publication in Italy that dared print impartial news, and the Italians were hungry for news that they could not obtain from their Fascist-censored press. The angry Fascists seized copies of the paper and refused to allow its circulation in Italy. Confronted by the strong opposition of the Italian Government, *Osservatore* was forced to revise its policy and print only religious news.

Another Vatican paper was started, *La Parola del Papa* (The Voice of the



Pope Pius consoles the terror-stricken Italian populace after Rome's first bombing

International

Pope). The purpose of this publication was to print Papal speeches. Reading it became a silent act of defiance to the Fascist regime, and the paper was very popular from the start. Some Fascist leaders tried to stop its circulation, although the paper prints no word of editorial comment.

The Holy Father endured all persecution with quiet resignation and continued to work for peace and for the lessening of the suffering caused by the war. He laid down five points which he says must be the basis of a just peace. They are: 1. There must be no aggression; nations must respect each other's independence. 2. Minorities must not be oppressed. 3. No nation must be kept from sharing the riches of the earth. 4. Armament races must be avoided. 5. Religion must be free.

Under the Secretary of State the Pope started a new office, the Bureau of Information on War Prisoners. Representatives of the Holy See in all countries at war gather the names and home addresses of war prisoners. These are sent to the bureau, which broadcasts to each country information about the soldiers who have been taken prisoners. A staff of more than 150 volunteer workers consisting of priests, sisters, and laymen handles the hundreds of inquiries that are received daily. The work of the bureau has grown so rapidly that it has had to move to larger quarters. During the first two years it located more than 40,000 missing soldiers. The Holy See is the only organization in the world that could carry on this kind of work. It has representatives in almost all countries, and its neutrality is unquestioned.

The lot of Italy in the war was an unhappy one from the first, and things became successively worse. Her campaign against Greece would have ended in complete disaster if the Germans hadn't come to the rescue. Her African empire was lost. Her fleet was whittled away. Her cities were bombed. Then Italian soil was invaded when American, British, and Canadian troops landed on Sicily and proceeded to fight their way across the island.

For three and a half years after Italy had entered the war, Rome was not molested by enemy bombers. The city owed its privileged position among belligerent capitals to the fact that the Holy Father lived close by. On July 19, 1943, Rome's immunity to bombing came to a sudden and nerve-shattering end when a fleet of American bombers appeared over the city and dropped their deadly loads on the freight yards. The city rocked with the explosions. The din was terrific. The people of Rome, most of whom had come to think that they would never be bombed, were panic-stricken.

The nearest explosion was more than a mile from Vatican City, but Pope Pius XII could see and hear the bombardment. He knelt down and prayed fervently for the people of Rome and of the world. When the bombing was over, he got into his black limousine and rode forth to inspect the damage and to console the people. The terrorized populace greeted him as badly frightened children might greet a kind and protecting father. They crowded about him begging his blessing and his prayers. "Il Papa," they shouted, "Il

► Man is the only animal that blushes. Or needs to.

—MARK TWAIN

Papa!" Several times the Pontiff seemed in danger of being crushed as the people jammed about him. Everywhere he went Pope Pius gave his blessing and led the people in prayer. The Fascist leaders who had so loudly and boastfully led the nation into the war were nowhere to be seen.

A few days later, at the order of the King, Mussolini was made a prisoner and General Badoglio became premier. The Fascist party was dissolved, and party members who not long before had been flaunting their emblems as a sign of their superior status were now afraid to be seen wearing them.

While Mussolini was Premier the Lateran Treaty had been signed, restoring the temporal power of the Pope and settling the 59-year-old Roman Question. This is probably the only item that could be put on the credit side of Mussolini's ledger. On the debit side the list could be extended indefinitely. During the reign of Pope Pius XI priests had been beaten on the streets by Fascist hoodlums. Catholic Action headquarters had been burned to the ground. The Pope had been forced to disband his beloved Catholic Boy Scouts. He had protested to no avail when the Fascists had placed little children in uniform and had raised them as creatures of the State. He deplored the Fascist oath whereby party members had to place loyalty to their party and their country above all else, including their faith. At one time conditions had become so bad that when Pope Pius XI wrote an encyclical protesting against Fascist persecution, he would not make it public in Rome for fear the Italian government would suppress it. Monsignor Francis J. Spellman, now Archbishop of New York, flew to France with the encyclical, and there it was released to the world.

Pope Pius XII, then Cardinal Pacelli, had been at the side of Pope Pius XI

during those trying years, and the events were still fresh in his mind. Fresh, too, were more recent events after he himself had become Pope and had suffered at the hands of the Fascists. Now the party was swept away and with it the youth organizations and many other detestable institutions.

Italy kept up a weak resistance to the Allies for a few weeks after Mussolini's downfall. Rome was bombed a second time, and once more the Holy Father went forth to comfort the terrorized populace. The conquest of Sicily was completed. Then the Italian mainland itself was invaded.

The Italians could endure no more. On September 8 the news was announced to the world that Italy had surrendered unconditionally to the Allies. The news was received with jubilation by the Italians.

But if the Italians thought surrender meant the end of the war for them, they were doomed to cruel disappointment. The Germans immediately seized all of Italy that was not in Allied hands. The gray-clad legions of Hitler rolled into Rome and were soon in full control of the city. Vatican City, being an independent country, was not molested, but troops were stationed all about it.

Pope Pius had seen one enemy go down in defeat only to have a worse one in its place. He became virtually a prisoner of the Nazis. He was unable even to communicate with other Church officials. If the Germans had wished to overrun Vatican City and make the Pope a prisoner, they could have done so in five minutes. Indeed, the Swiss Guards had orders not to resist.

In the face of this grave threat the Holy Father displayed the same calm courage that has characterized his entire life. According to reports which are believed to be accurate, he defied the Nazis upon three separate occasions. When refugees from the Nazis fled into the Vatican the Pope stood upon his rights as head of a neutral country and refused to give them up. When a large group of Roman Jews was being held for ransom, the Pope gave gold for their release. When the Germans tried to persuade him to leave the Vatican and go to Lichtenstein he replied that he would not go while he was alive.

As the Allied armies march forward to deliver Rome the prayers of Catholics throughout the world are with the new Prisoner of the Vatican. It is most fervently to be hoped that the Germans will leave him unmolested. If they do not, Pius XII will not be the first martyr Pope. It is certain that he would regard martyrdom as a sacred privilege and would pray to the last for forgiveness for the sinful world that has brought upon itself such a fearful punishment.



Official U. S. Navy Photos

The rays of this ship's searchlight, combing Kula Gulf for *Helena* survivors, are "whitened out" by the glare of explosions as heavy guns blast Japanese vessels

FINALLY the Japs did get us. They tried to on December 7, 1941. They had other chances. Thirteen times we went into action against them on the cruiser *Helena*. Even the day they sank us they paid far more than we for the temporary success.

The battle of the *Helena* against the Nipponese began on that Sunday morning in Pearl Harbor. I was on deck when the first plane winged in over that beautiful harbor. Planes were always above us. I paid little attention to the hum of these motors. Even when they swooped low toward Ford Island and I saw bombs dropping from the bomb bays, I thought it was the usual dummy raid.

Suddenly Boatswain's Mate Mullen, who stood at my side, yelled out, "Those aren't our planes. They're Japs. See the rising sun on them." Before I could get a good view I heard the first explosions on Ford Island and knew that Mullen was right. The minute he spoke the petty officer started on the double for the quarterdeck to report his discovery.

Instantly thereafter the shriek of the

general alarm sent us all scurrying to battle stations. I helped chop down awnings, then volunteered as first loader on the antiaircraft guns. By that time the air seemed literally filled with Nip planes.

Full, complete descriptions of the hell of Pearl Harbor during that sneak attack have been written by experts. I can only add my own personal impressions. Perhaps I was scared that morning. I'm not sure. The streams of smoke that went up from burning ships and shore stations made me forget what fear I had. A deep and lasting anger burned within me which still has not died.

A ship has no soul. That I know. But it has always seemed to me that the righteous anger which burned in all our hearts that morning somehow became welded into the *Helena*, and that in every action in which we took part the ship itself bore an equal share in the repayment of the debt incurred that morning.

No Navy man who was there as I was can ever forget the horror and shame of that first battle of the war. We were

The Helena

too busy that morning to understand it completely. Our first job was to drive the intruding planes away. Shell after shell screamed into the sky from every gun that could be brought to bear. Never after those first few minutes when we were not at stations did the planes detailed to attack the *Helena* get near enough to make fatal the damage inflicted earlier. I was but one of many who fed the guns a constant stream of ammunition. I hardly knew what went on around me in my intentness on my own task. After the action ended, our skipper, Captain Robert English, published a letter to the crew which tells more fully the story of what the *Helena* crew did on that first day of the war.

"The Japanese," he wrote, "were observed to turn away when confronted by the concentrated barrage of the *Helena*. They had to fly so high their bombings were inaccurate. Every man on board did the right job at the right time. The lookouts kept the Jap planes spotted. Our gunners stood by their guns like veterans. I am proud to be your Captain and shipmate and proud of the *Helena*."

I cherish that letter from our skipper, later killed in a plane crash. Kindly as it was, it did not remove the sting of that morning. Nothing could do so but action, and more action. Every one of us knew we had been licked and licked thoroughly, and only victories over the same enemy can salve the wounds of that day. Not till final victory comes in Tokyo will these wounds be completely healed.

We had to wait for almost a year for our first chance to start repayment to the enemy. The task force of which the *Helena*, the *Boise*, and the *San Francisco* were part were off the Solomons on October 11, 1942, when reconnaissance reports informed us that the Japs were coming down.

We swung into battle formation as close to Savo Island as was safe.

Hours passed after we went to battle stations, and we still stood alertly at our posts. With each minute, waiting became more difficult. I began to understand the tension which big-game hunters write about. Not a pin prick of light shone on any of our ships. Darkness settled about us like a mantle. Even the stars hid themselves in clouds. Ahead of us somewhere lay the prey we stalked.

Strikes Back

With guns blazing in a night shattered by screaming shells and thundering explosions, the brave career of a cruiser comes to an end

By MICHAEL DE CICCIO, U. S. N.

as told to C. K. BLACKBURN, U. S. N.

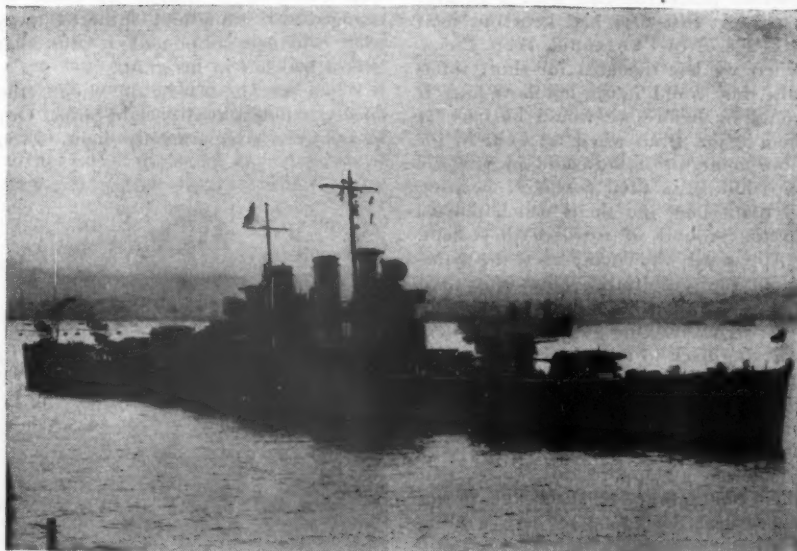
Deadly and vicious, ready to pounce upon us instantly if they had any foretaste of our presence, they moved toward us on muted feet. Nought could I do but pray. The crucifix I wore suddenly became infinitely more valuable to me.

When word came down from control to our turret that the enemy had been seen and that the range was closing, constantly closing, it seemed like a benison to me. Shells chattered noisily as the rammers sent them home into their seats. The breech slammed shut behind them. Our gun captain snapped on his ready light. The turret was set to go.

At the order, "Commence Fire," the concussion of the discharge of our first shells shook every fitting of the turret as if someone had simultaneously pulled the strings of a million Punch and Judy shows. The first salvo was only the beginning. Immediately thereafter we began pounding the enemy cruiser which was our immediate target with continuous fire. The clatter of the shells into the guns preceded by only a few seconds the dull booming of the explosions as the shells left the muzzle. The fittings inside did their dance of death after every volley.

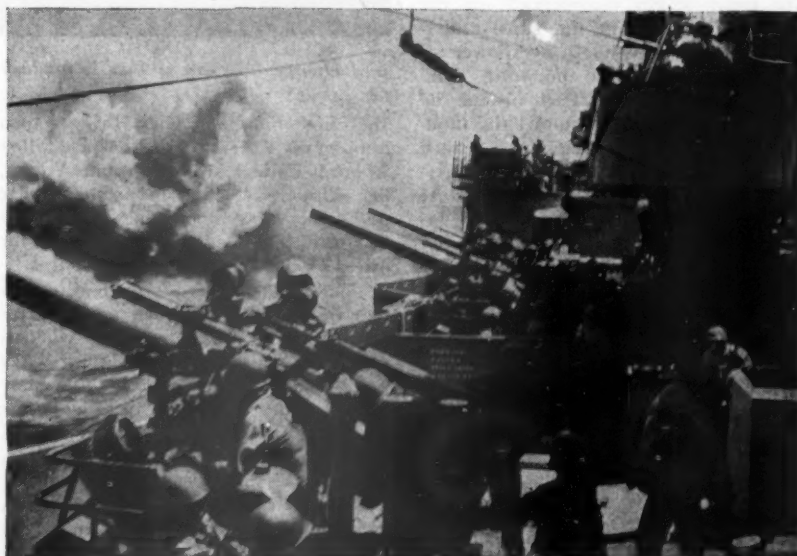
Within a few minutes word came from control. "One down. Shift to cruiser bearing 140 degrees." The turret spun and soon again belched forth flame at another enemy target. We who were within the turret saw nothing of what went on outside. Our turret with its constant odor of exploded powder was our all. Even when our shells tore their way through the designated target, we could not tell it. We had to wait for a lull in the battle. Then the loud-speaker from topside brought us up to date.

Time speeds on winged feet when a battle rages. The one at Savo Island lasted only nineteen minutes. In only that short a time the *Helena* sent two Japanese cruisers and one destroyer to the bottom. We were not alone in our successes. Our sister ships kept pounding the enemy just as we did. When the action ended, only a small remnant of the "Tokyo Express" that came down so cocksure of victory, remained to flee northward after the rout. The *Helena* received not a scratch during the engagement. Not one casualty occurred on board. The enemy damaged only the *Boise*, and she steamed into column not



Above: The gallant cruiser USS Helena fully settled an old score with the Japanese before she was added to the list of American casualties

Below: Men pour shells into guns of cruiser attacking Japanese-held island as the American offensive gains momentum in the Pacific theater of war



long after the end of the battle. Bruised, burned, and scarred as she was, she still was able to make her own way to the safety of an Allied base. The first payment had been made, at comparatively slight cost to our forces.

The Japs made a habit of trying to bombard our troops on Guadalcanal nightly by air or sea to break up their sleep and keep them constantly fearful that a heavier attack might come. Two could play at that game. The *Helena* enjoyed lobbing shells into the enemy installations. The Japs didn't know whether or when we would follow these low-rate bombardments with a general attack. At first they had kept our men on edge. Now we could keep theirs. When we left the area for short intervals, they could never tell how long it would be before we would be back at them again. Even when we went in for more ammunition we could picture the Nips hiding in their foxholes, awaiting all night long the shells which plowed up the ground near where they slept.

Apparently the enemy knew the make-up of our task force. They sent their torpedo bombers overhead to try to drive us away. Our gunners sent them scurrying back to their bases. Then they made up their minds to drive our forces from Guadalcanal. They did not reckon on the determination of Admiral Callaghan that they should not succeed.

The enemy apparently figured that when our Admiral realized the power of the fleet the Japanese were sending down, he would withdraw our outmanned and outgunned naval forces from such unequal action.

We spent the night of November 12 at battle stations. The enemy fleet was on its way down. Only the higher officers of our small force knew the extent of the force concentrated by the enemy. Not until action commenced on the thirteenth did we, at the guns, understand that the Japs might overpower us. Over the phones came the word, "One enemy target in sight." Each instant the voice tube announcer jumped the number of enemy ships that came within range. Finally we all knew that thirty-one ships made up the enemy force. At least two battleships with powerful 14-inch guns were with the Japs. Our tiny force of thirteen ships had none. Our heaviest fire power came from the few heavy cruisers we possessed. Yet we dared battle with the enemy. Our control officers picked out our targets. We started blazing away. So sure had been the Japs of our withdrawal that they seemed to carry more bombardment ammunition than armor-piercing. This error of judgment cut down slightly the odds against us.

Two things, perhaps, saved us from total destruction. The gallant *San Fran-*

cisco steamed down the center between the two lines of Japs. In their anxiety to knock her off, many enemy shells landed among their own forces. This daring challenge, combined with the exceptional seamanship of our officers and the deadly marksmanship of our gunners, settled the issue.

Captain Gilbert Hoover of the *Helena* maneuvered her perfectly. The way she moved throughout the entire action reminded me of the perfect footwork of football players famed for open-field running. Whenever it seemed certain that she was going to be downed, the ship executed a change of pace, or changed direction, and slithered away from whatever opponent it was that almost had her in his grasp.

When the hour's battle ended, the enemy had lost twenty-eight ships. Our losses were comparatively light. Even



A change into dry clothes is made by Helena survivors aboard a rescue ship

the *San Francisco*, her bridge torn asunder by a 14-inch shell which killed Admiral Callaghan and Captain Young, her skipper, returned to port. On that night the *Helena* and her sister ships began to collect interest on the debt owed by the Japs.

The *Helena* never stopped piling up that interest. We returned to bombardment tactics again. The Japs on Guadalcanal no longer interested us. They were done. We knew it. I think they did, too. But the enemy was not happy to be reminded by our first bombardment of Munda that the *Helena* was still there.

They sent their Mitsubishi bombers screaming down in an attack on us. By that time, our anti-aircraft crews were

old timers. They filled the air with flak. The bombers never did get close. They had to sheer off and zoom back toward their base. But they didn't get off scot free. We had the chance to cheer two red balls of flame that announced the end of the career of two bombers. Nevermore would those two bother our forces, land, sea, or air.

We resumed our bombardments. This time we sprayed Kolombangara. Twice the enemy there felt the weight of our shelling. We stopped only to cover the American troops which landed on and captured Rendova Island.

Then to celebrate the Fourth of July we sent other salvos into the Jap positions on Kolombangara. After this fireworks display we started back to our base. We only got halfway there. An urgent message told us that another section of the "Tokyo Express" was

scheduled for that night. The ships in our task force raced under forced draft to intercept and destroy the attackers.

The *Helena* reached the Kula Gulf area at 12:30 A. M. and took up position in the slot through which the enemy would have to come if they tried to reach Munda. We sat there in the darkness for over an hour, like duck hunters in a blind, sure that our victims would soon be within range. Our guns were loaded. We were ready to open instantaneous fire the moment the proper range was set on the gun.

At 0158, Navy time, the enemy steamed within range. Control ordered, "Commence fire." Instantly the sky flamed as the guns of the entire task force turned the quiet darkness into an

inferno of noise. Tracers crisscrossed the sky as our shells went forth on their mission of death and destruction. In the fifteen minutes which followed the first gun fire not once can I remember when the bark of the guns ceased for an instant.

A terrific explosion, a searing pain in my left leg, the singeing of my eyebrows told me the *Helena* had been hit. All power went off in the turret. We stood in darkness. We could not train our guns; we could not elevate them. We could not get in touch with "control" over our telephones.

Two more explosions followed the first in rapid succession. The noise of water sloshing back and forth in the compartments below us came plainly to our ears. It was useless to stay longer at our battle stations. The turret crew of which I was part was out of the fight.

The acrid smell of burned explosives filled almost every part of the turret. My eyes stung. Water started to run from them in a stream down across my cheeks. I broke out the flashlight in my belt—part of Navy standard equipment at sea. The watertight door we ordinarily used for escape purposes was jammed so tight we could not budge it. I flashed my light on the hatch above, swung up and undogged it. As I went up I held the flashlight down below me to see my way more clearly. When I reached the gun room I felt my way around it. As I did so I stepped on a closed hatch which was not dogged shut. My weight forced it open and I dropped onto the deck outside. I almost screamed from the agony of my burn as my fall propelled me along the steel deck. My flashlight was knocked from my hand and rolled away where I could not find it. The sudden darkness, unilluminated even by the flashlight, made me stumble along the canting deck.

I could hear the spatter of life rafts as they dropped into the water from the mortally stricken *Helena*. The unsteady light from the torches of those who climbed aboard the rafts threw an eerie, flickering light over the *Helena* and lit up the bow of the ship. Almost every atom of it had been torn away by the three explosions. The force of the concussions had driven the steel inward so that it seemed almost as if the *Helena* had no bow at all. The ship lay dead in the water like a log in a stagnant pool. I helped cut down other life rafts and shoved them over the side.

Then the Japs started firing again. To me it seemed that the entire force of this present attack concentrated on the *Helena*, helpless and inert in the water. We had no way in which to return the enemy fire. The ship which had weathered so successfully the previous battles with the Japs could not pos-

Nazi Gentleman

► Hermann Goering accompanied the Fuehrer on one of his visits to Rome. On the crowded railway platform filled with dignitaries and troops, the massive Marshal roughly jostled past an Italian gentleman of aristocratic bearing, who turned and haughtily demanded an apology. Fiercely the Marshal turned upon him and snapped, "I am Hermann Goering." The Italian bowed and replied, "As an excuse that is not enough, but as an explanation it is ample."

sibly remain afloat after this battle. It was useless to remain aboard and let the enemy slaughter us.

Lines lay down the shattered sides of the cruiser. We went down them hand over hand into the water. The instant the salt water rushed over my burn its pain became almost unbearable. I didn't think I could swim, the agony was so great. I had to. But I moved slowly. I was only a short distance from the ship when I had to rest.

As I lay there on my back, the red glare of the burning ship was altogether too evident to me. Even while I rested I saw its big frame rise up from the waters on which it had fought so long and so well, as if to salute them. Then it slid peacefully beneath them. My home for so many months had gone to its final resting place in the waters of the Kula Gulf.

Somehow the sight of the death throes of the *Helena* helped me. I could not afford to die until I had the chance to repay in manifold the loss of the ship which was my home and the death of the many intimate friends aboard her who went down during that battle. Although the pain in my leg never stopped for an instant, I was almost able to forget my own injury in the greater agony incident to the loss of the ship.

For a full half hour I swam before I spotted a life raft, swam to it, and clambered aboard to join the many already resting on it. The battle still continued. Salvos kept coming close to the raft and sent salt spume dashing over us. I wanted to get off that raft. Quite frankly I would have done so had I had the courage to subject my burned leg once again to the salt water treatment. I did not.

I floated aboard that raft for better than an hour. Then one of our own destroyers hove in sight. She flashed her call letters at us. One of the signalmen aboard acknowledged and sent back the *Helena's* recognition signal. The destroyer came alongside.

Not all of us got onto her deck before the excited clamor of the general alarm on the destroyer warned her to stop her rescue and get back into the battle. I was one of the lucky ones, though I was not so sure when the destroyer got un-

derway, and we were immediately back in the van of the battle with the destroyer opening up with everything on board, and the enemy replying furiously.

The men of the destroyer hauled those of us they had picked up under precarious cover as soon as they opened fire. A few moments thereafter hospital corpsmen helped us below decks and began sponging off the oil with which everyone of us was coated, oil not only from the *Helena*, but from the enemy ships which had joined the *Helena* on the bottom that night. As soon as we were properly cleaned the pharmacist's mate covered the burned surface of my leg with unguentine and stopped the worst of my pain. Someone slipped me a clean pair of dungarees, to replace those I wore, drenched with salt water and with oil.

The destroyer which picked us up was not hit once during the closing phases of the battle, although they engaged in a rear-guard action with both a Jap cruiser and destroyer that was hotfooting it away from the scene of another Japanese disaster.

Our rescuer stayed until dawn in the Kula Gulf area. Enemy planes thundered overhead part of the time. Occasionally the muted bark of a gun from shoreward told us that a shore battery was making a final attempt to add another to the American casualty list. They did not succeed.

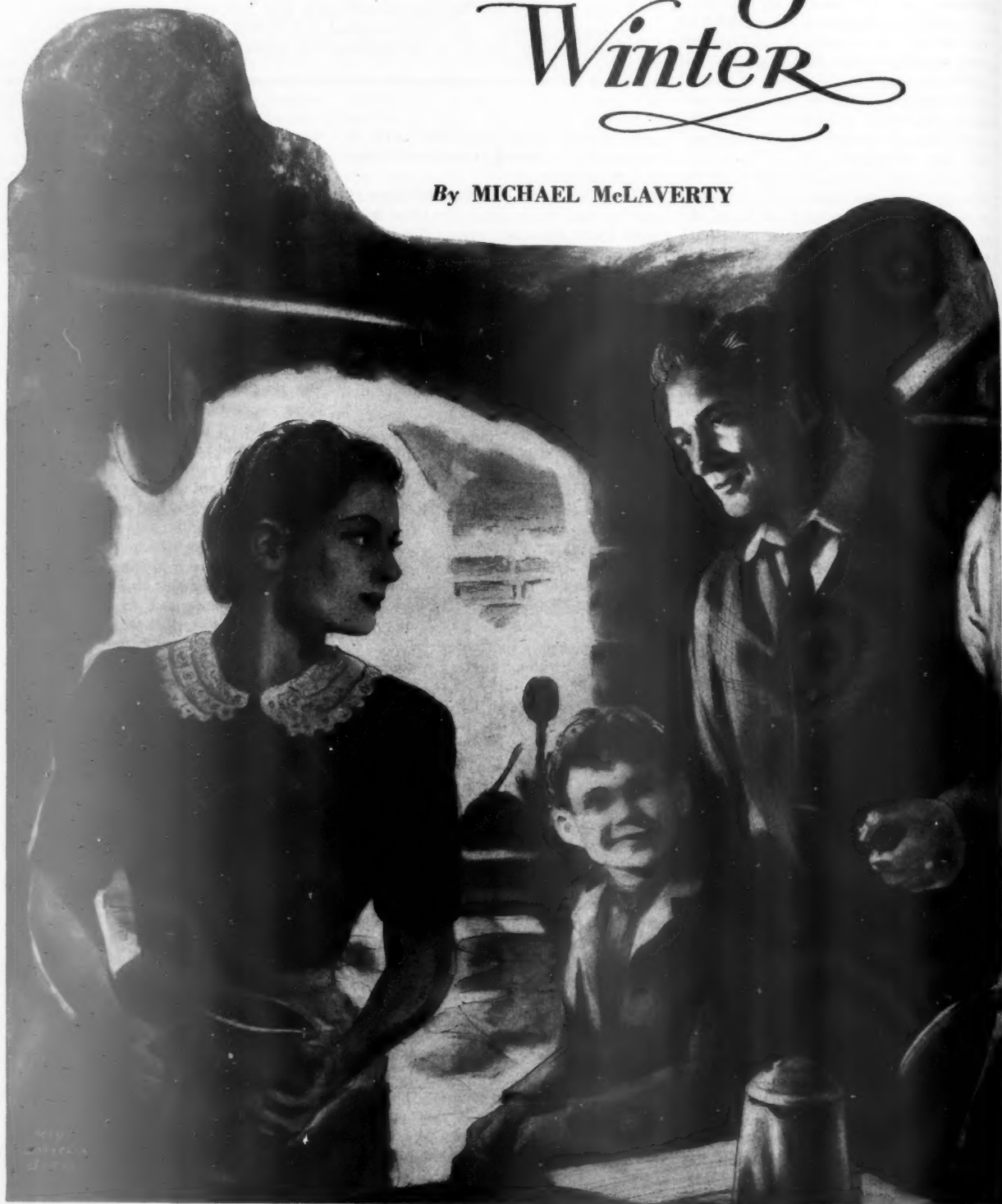
As soon as the sun lit the sky and the destroyer lookouts reported the waters clear of enemy vessels, the destroyer left the area and deposited us at an advanced base. My wound still pained me and I was transferred to a naval hospital farther in the rear.

Now I have orders to a new cruiser. I shall be glad if it carries me where I can resume my feud with the Japanese. I look forward to the day when a victorious American fleet steams into Japanese home waters. It would be great if on that day the American victory parade could include contingents from every American ship sunk in battle against the Japanese. I know I would be mighty proud to carry the *Helena's* banner on that day. She had a debt to repay and repaid it in full before the enemy was able to add her to the list of casualties.

He was a little Irish boy, and to be out after dark was an adventure. Especially when he met God

Evening in Winter

By MICHAEL McLAVERTY



"Maybe you'd take Charley with you," his mother said, "he never gets anywhere"

CHARLEY was seven at the time, or maybe eight. His mamma was beside him in a white apron, her hands on her lap doing nothing. His daddy lay stretched in sleep on the sofa. Sunday evening was always quiet. The fire-glow filled the room. It glowed redly on Charley's knees and face, glinted on the fender, and threw shadows on the ceiling and the red-tiled floor. It was nice to be sitting alone with your daddy and mamma, feeling the heat on your knees, and listening to the kettle singing, and ashes falling in the grate.

Suddenly the milkman knocked and Charley jumped. His mamma went into the scullery for the white jug. His daddy awakened and took out his big watch in the fire-glow.

"Boys-o-boys!" he said. "Is it that time?"

He got up and was on his feet while mamma came back and placed the jug on the clean table. Daddy was very tall standing on the floor, with the fire winking on his watch chain, and his face all red and rosy.

"Do you think you'll go this evening?" mamma said.

"Indeed I will," said daddy.

"Maybe you'd take Charley with you, he never gets anywhere."

So Charley was going out with his daddy, out at night when the lamps would be lit and all other boys in bed.

His mother put on his little round hat with the elastic that nipped him under the chin, and when he was going out the front door she stooped and kissed him.

"Say a prayer for your mamma, who has to stay at home," she said.

And now they were walking down the street. He felt big to be out so late with the sky dark and the lamps lit. The snow had fallen. It wasn't deep snow, but it covered the ground, and lines of it lay on the black garden railings, and on the arms of the lampposts. The milkman's cart was near a lamp and its brass fittings shone and steam came from the horse's nose. The milkman said to his daddy, "A cold evening that," and steam came from his mouth, too.

They walked out of the street on to the road, on to the road where the trams ran. Charley put his hand in his daddy's pocket and it was lovely and warm. Up in the sky it was black, as black as ink, and far away was the moon which mamma called God's lamp, and stars were round it like candle lights.

A tram passed, groaning up the hill where they were walking. Sparks, green ones and red ones and blue ones, cracked from the trolley, but the tram went on and slithered out of sight. And now there was nothing on the road only the snow and black lines where the trams ran. Up above were the telephone

wires covered with crumbs of snow, but the trolley wires were all dark.

Other people, big people all in black, were out, and most of them were walking in the same direction as Charley and his daddy. They passed shops, the sweetshop with Mrs. Dempsey standing at the door.

"Good night, Mister Conor," she said.

His daddy raised his hat, the hard hat that he wore on Sundays.

"Do you know Missus Dempsey, daddy?"

"I do, son."

"I know her, that's where I buy when I've pennies."

But his daddy only looked in front with the steam coming out of his mouth.

They passed policemen standing in doorways, stamping their feet, the policemen who chased you for playing football in the streets. But Charley wasn't afraid now; he was walking with his hand clutched tightly in his daddy's.

After a while they came to the chapel. All the people seemed to be going to the chapel. It was dark outside, but a man stood in a lighted porch holding a wooden plate, and on the plate Charley's father put pennies.

Inside it was warm and bright. You could smell the heat as you walked up the aisle. His daddy's boots squeaked, and that was a sign they weren't paid for. They went into a seat up near the altar, and his father knelt down with a white handkerchief spread under his knees. Charley sat with his legs swinging to and fro. At the sides were windows, and when trams passed you could see lightning and blue diamonds and red diamonds.

Someone came in at the end of their seat and Charley and his daddy had to move up. It wasn't nice for people to move you into a cold place when you had the seat warmed.

A priest came out. Charley could answer the prayers like the rest and he felt very big. After a long time they stood up to sing, and Charley turned round to look at the organman away high up at the back of the church. The organ looked like big hot-pipes. At the end of the hymn he said,

"Are we going home now, daddy?"

His daddy didn't answer. Charley lifted the little round hat and began crackling the elastic and putting it in his mouth. His daddy told him to sit at peace.

A priest came into the pulpit. He talked about lightning, and he said that the sun would be dark, and that the stars would fall from heaven. He talked for a long, long time, but Charley fell asleep. After a while his father caught him by the arm and with difficulty he opened his eyes. A big boy with a long

taper was lighting rows of candles, and Charley began to count them. One candle didn't light at first, and he had to come back and touch it a few times. Soon the altar was all lit up, and here and there were bunches of flowers. Dim lights shone from the brass bell that stood on the altar steps like a big, gold mushroom.

The organ began playing softly, very softly, and Charley turned to see what was wrong. A woman in the seat behind him was praying, her lips moving in a low whistle. He watched the moving lips and then they stopped suddenly. The woman was making a face at him, and he turned and sat closer to his daddy.

He filled his mind with everything, everything to tell his big brothers and sisters. There were boys with fat brass candlesticks and a priest with a golden cloak that sparkled with lights. God was on the altar, too, behind a little glass window with gold spikes all around it. A boy was shaking a silver thing like a lamp, and smoke came out of it, nice-smelling smoke, and if you shut your eyes it made a noise like nails in a tin.

The organ began to growl and people to sing. Charley put his fingers to the flaps of his ears. You could hear the noise very small, then it would get big like thunder, and if you moved your fingers in and out the noise would go ziz-zaz and a-ah-aha-aaah! But it soon stopped. People bowed their heads and daddy bowed his head, too.

THE bell on the altar rang. His daddy whispered something to himself, and when the bell rang again Charley heard him say, "My Lord and my God!" He thought of his mamma, and he told God to love his mamma, who had to stay at home. He closed his eyes and he saw her in a snowy apron, the white jug on the table, and he wondered if she would have cake for his tea.

And now they were going home, out into the cold air, and onto the road.

His big brothers and sisters were in when he got home. They were taking tea, and there was cake with currants in it on the table. They asked him questions, but laughed at his answers, so he just sat and ate his cake.

Then his mamma brought him to bed, up to the bedroom where the red lamp was, the red lamp that burned like a tulip's head before a picture of Holy God. He knelt and said his prayers on the cold, oilcloth floor.

In bed it was cold, too, colder than the seat in the chapel. But it soon got warm; and he thought of the organ in his ears . . . the candle that wouldn't light . . . the tram that went up the hill with lights crackling . . . and stars falling . . . falling . . . falling . . .

The Beachhead

Back in the United States, Navy Chaplain Thomas M. Reardon tells of heroism and faith in the South Pacific

U. S. Marine Corps
Photo

HE WAS there. He ought to know. Lying in his hospital bed at Rockefeller Institute of Research Hospital, New York, he talks quietly with a force of deep feeling underscoring his words. A core of spirituality illumines the tale and, as if by refraction from the intense, awesome days of jungle combat, spotlights the need of men for prayer.

The nimbus of heroism brightens as the details of the valiant Guadalcanal fight fade into the past and the importance of the over-all action takes its place in history. Gathering brilliance is the name of this Jersey City priest who for 125-days called the beachhead his parish. He'll tell you the real heroes are buried there. He'll tell you that prayer and the Navy transports won the fight at Guadalcanal. Green-clad Navy fliers brought

in the huge planes carrying reinforcements and supplies, and when they dipped into historic Henderson Field they found there the husky, young "Padre" Tom Reardon, chaplain of the spearhead Marines, the "Fighting Fifth." Tanned, thinner by fifty pounds than when he jumped from a landing craft with the third wave of Marines on August 7, first day of the big push, Father Reardon joined with his men in acclaim of the pilots—and turned to his makeshift altar in thanksgiving.

Of all the correspondents' stories giving reasons for the Guadalcanal victory, the truest, says Father Reardon, was that citing the help of God and the Navy fliers. These factors more than any others pushed to victory the initial piercing of Jap defenses. First chaplain and

only Catholic priest there from August 7 until the middle of November, he attended an outfit that was 50 per cent Catholic and chalked up before the end a total of 125 days of front-line combat duty.

"Never took an hour's time out either," he says with gentle pride. "Never in sick bay a minute." The rigors of the campaign caught up with him only when the Marines were being relieved in December, and the Army was moving in. He was attacked by a streptococcus infection, malaria, and a few assorted tropical ills. Days of unremitting work, meals that outraged a merely human body, conditions that forced him to keep his clothes on for eighty-five days, all took their innings, and he was struck out. They took him to the New Hebrides and Fiji Islands until February, when he was taken to California and then East.

He left behind him days like this: up at dawn after a night of bombing by the Japs, he would say Mass at 6 A. M. for ground fighters and pilots. As the Mass progressed, small groups of men would leave to take their planes up for

How one chaplain out in the mud and blood-colored terrain of Guadalcanal brought courage and God to the spearhead Marines—the "Fighting Fifth"

Was His Parish

By ELIZABETH McFADDEN

dawn patrol, thus making the service safer for those attending.

After Mass, Father Reardon would hold a general service for all, thus including the non-Catholics. Then he would make a brief visit to the cemetery in case there were early burials to be made. Next would come "chow" at 8 A. M. More often than not in the early days, this consisted of fish and rice seized from the Japs. Some of the men attempted to make pancakes out of the Jap rice flour in the early morning, the only time they could light fires with comparative safety. The results didn't justify the efforts though, he recalls with a slight wince, and the G.I. chefs let that flier into culinary art take a swift nose dive.

The rest of the morning was consumed by visiting the hospital, "not a hospital of clean sheets, immaculate cleanliness, and cheerful nurses, but hastily erected tents always adjacent to foxholes where the wounded could be quickly dumped when the Japs started shelling and bombing."

Chow again—and the same menu, altered sometimes by inroads on Navy

rations, which were used sparingly. In the afternoon there was the daily burial service, and at 5:30 P. M. (when the evening reconnaissance made another more or less safe period) the second Mass of the day.

His altars? Jeeps, the rear end of motor trucks, operating tables, and packing cases. He recalls saying Mass one afternoon at 5 P. M. on an operating table with his congregation on stretchers and in all kinds of grotesque casts. He was told there was a lad who was dying, who hadn't been able to take nourishment. Father Reardon broke a Host and carefully gave the wounded Marine half. Later he was told that the boy took fluid shortly thereafter for the first time in days, and was subsequently evacuated and hospitalized.

In time snatched from precious rest periods, Father Reardon's men built eight or ten altars throughout the five-mile-square beachhead so he could offer the Holy Sacrifice in various parts of the landing area. They fashioned crosses of ammunition shells, and the so-called rough, tough Leathernecks filled shell

cases with tropical flowers as altar decorations.

"Our church had for its ceiling the stars, the rain, the clouds, and for its floor, mud and blood-colored terrain. Yet the devotion of the men to God made our church the most beautiful in the world," the priest says. Before these makeshift altars the men, bearded, dirty, and exhausted would listen to their chaplain. They wanted to hear more about the Blessed Sacrament, and that was his main theme on Guadalcanal. Mass to the many Catholic boys was home. It was the link between the tried and familiar scenes of America and the strangeness of their tropical combat zone. It was necessary—and it was almost lost. Father Reardon tells the story thus: An Irish Quartermaster sent along from the invasion boat a kit containing about 5500 hosts for Communion on the island. As his supply got low, the chaplain mentioned it to a pilot. And prayed. He divided the hosts into pieces, using them at the two daily Masses. Finally he came to the end of his supply, and a large group attended the "last" Mass. When he walked back to his tent he found a package there, apparently delivered by plane and containing 20,000 hosts.

He cites another "almost miraculous" evidence of God's assistance. It was the sparing of the cemetery from bomb hits. "It was right in the middle of things," he says, "but wasn't hit once in all the time I was there."

The Japs almost gave him an impromptu burial service there though. As he lay in a grave dug for a dead Marine, bombs from Jap planes plunged seemingly straight at him. When the bombers came over in the middle of a funeral he and the others with him had jumped into the open graves as foxholes. This was no solitary instance. Funerals were held regularly every day, and no man on the island was buried without a religious service.

"I don't think one boy died without going to heaven," the Padre affirms. "They were constantly in the state of grace. Going down to the island the night before invasion, every Catholic aboard ship came to my room for confession and Communion." With a New Zealand chaplain, Father Noel Gascoigne, Father Reardon went to all ships of the fleet before the action, said



European

For 125 days of front-line combat duty, the beachhead was home, church, and parish to the men of the "Fighting Fifth"

Mass, and gave the Sacraments before going into battle.

The precise number of men he baptized from a canteen cup is shrouded in battle smoke, as the men were "strictly on their own" after the Japs crippled the cruisers which had been scheduled to protect incoming reinforcements. There simply wasn't a piece of paper on the island on which to keep records.

The conversions were not, he emphasizes, on a wholesale scale. As for the statement, "there are no atheists in foxholes," the chaplain who was there is emphatic: "It is an untrue and insidious misstatement. Many have gone into the foxholes without God and have not found Him there. Those words have done much harm. They console many in thinking they can do as they please before the bombing and fighting and cause them to presume upon the mercy of God in those terrible moments of battle which may be their last. You must bring God into the foxholes with you. If Christ is with you, then you are ready for any eventuality."

The power of example given by the men themselves drew many to the faith. "The chaplain doesn't deserve any credit for the work done with the boys. He's reaping the fruits of good homes, good parents, a good educational system, and the work of priests in the States. He just accompanies the boys as their parish priest and helps them to carry their religion with them. The boys give good example by living up to their religion and perhaps do greater work than the chaplain himself."

The men's devotion to their beloved "Padre" belies his modesty.

There was, for instance, the Polish boy beside whose deathbed Father Reardon prayed. The lad, a seventeen-year-old pet of the outfit, had thrown gasoline on an unsatisfactory fire and been fatally burned in the explosion that followed. His buddies had put a blanket around him and stifled the flames, but he was gone and knew it. He turned to the priest.

"Father," he said, "I'm dying. But—Mom and Dad always told me that if I kissed the hand of a priest before I died—I'd go to heaven. I promised them that I would be a hero—but I haven't been able to become one. But anyway—if I kiss your hand—I'll go—to Heaven!"

"Thank you—Padre!"

Father Reardon explains that when the boy made that request of him, he realized it was a Catholic Polish belief that if one kisses the hand of a priest before dying, he'll go to heaven.

Whether this belief penetrated to the natives of the island is a mystery, but native men attired in loin cloths and red-dyed, fuzzy hair would come down

I Must Be Converted—

► A young English girl went to a priest and said she wished to become a Catholic at once.

"But, my child, have you been properly instructed?" asked the priest.

"No, I have not, but that does not matter; I want to be made a Catholic now."

"But it does matter," argued the priest. "You must have several months' instruction before you can possibly be received into the Church. May I ask what has made you think of taking this serious step?"

"Well," replied the girl, "I have had an awful row with my people, and I am determined to disgrace the family."

—*Southwest Courier*

from the hills to attend services. Before his burly Marines they would kiss the Padre's hands. It was hard to tell which was greater, the men's amusement or the priest's embarrassment. "Well, the boys needed a laugh anyway," Father Reardon says with the look of one who can appreciate a joke himself. There were few enough of them on the island.

The Fifth was relieved in December and by summer Father Reardon was home where he was active for Navy Public Relations. Called the "Father Duffy of this war," extolled in paintings, on the radio, and in movies, the fighting chaplain wants only to regain his health and get "on the job" again. In the meantime he's been busy getting two main points across: "Treat discharged men respectfully and give blood for plasma."

Neuroses, he points out, are no spectators of persons. Colonels, privates, chaplains, all exposed to the horrors of modern warfare, have no certainty as to how they will react. The man who comes back with a nervous condition is just as much a casualty as the one with a bullet wound in his body, and he's just as entitled to kind, fair treatment. "The country owes him a chance to be rehabilitated. Each community should take upon itself the task of helping the boys adjust themselves socially."

As for the blood plasma: "I don't think there's a drop of my own blood left," the Padre says. Hundreds of lives were saved on the island by the use of plasma, particularly after the sea battle of November 11 and 12, when the wounded survivors were brought ashore in Higgins boats. "We were just pouring the plasma into them."

The chaplain's battle post was with the regimental sick bay, and there he had a chance to use every snitch of first aid information he was taught aboard the transport by a Navy doctor.

After one battle, he recalls, each doctor and the chaplain were assigned a boat to bring back wounded from a point eight miles down the coast. Proceeding under Jap gunfire, the priest took care

of twenty to thirty wounded Marines.

One had a badly wounded arm which was bleeding profusely. Father Reardon applied a tourniquet. He knew if it were too tight the lad might lose the arm; if too loose, he might bleed to death. What to do? He applied the tourniquet tightly and every few minutes loosened it for a few seconds, then tightened it again. Finally he carried the wounded lad ashore and rushed him to the hospital tents. He had guessed—but he had guessed right. His treatment was according to the Hoyle of first aiders.

But about the blood plasma there is no guessing. It's nourishing to the life stream. It makes eyelids, closed in readiness for death, open slowly. It makes the heart willing to accept continued living. It is, in short, says "Padre Reardon," the gift of life.

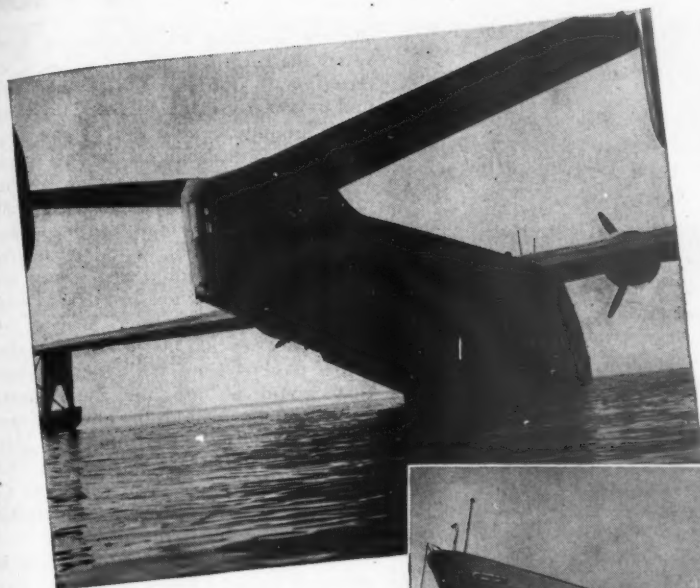
For the gift of life men fight, and some men die. Guadalcanal is a name we of this generation found in no history or geography books. But every American child in the days to come will learn about Guadalcanal and will thrill to the stories of how American courage crushed Japanese perfidy. Some of the stories will be humorous. Most of them will be sad and glorious, just as most of Father Reardon's stories are poignant accounts of men fighting against strong odds and sometimes losing. Stories like that of the Fetcho twins, Bernard and Andrew, who came out from their home in Jersey City to be separated by death on "Guadal." Andy, sick with malaria, couldn't go out to battle one morning. Bernie did go—and was mortally wounded.

They shrouded his body in a blanket and Andy got up to stand beside the grave. He unwrapped the blanket for a last look, and then they lowered his twin brother into the earth. Andy stared, stupefied. Then he fell on his knees, grabbed the chaplain's legs, and held on to the trousers in silent beseechment.

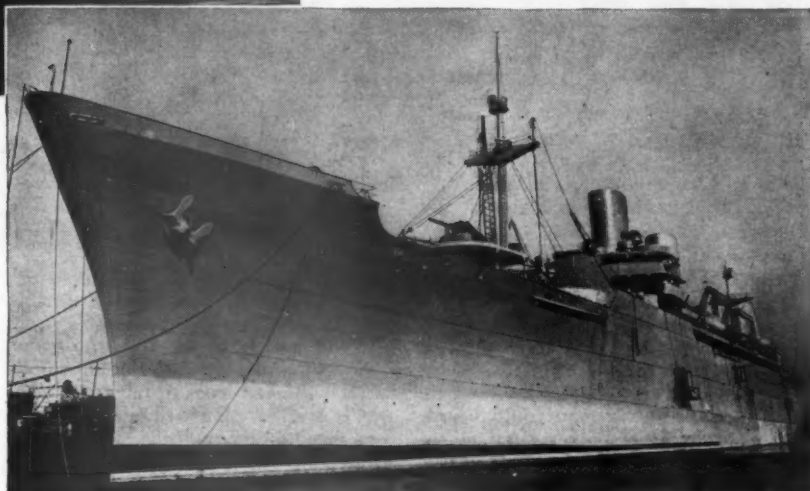
After that, Father Reardon says, there wasn't a fiercer Jap fighter on the island. He was out to avenge his brother's death. And he did.

A Look Into The Future

By JOHN C. O'BRIEN



Above: Naval Air Transport is solving supply problems with huge planes like the four-motored Coronado. Right: One of the many giant troopships now in use



Photos from Harris & Ewing

WHEN the war ends, the United States will be equipped to build aircraft and ocean-going ships at a rate undreamed of before the war. The aircraft makers are now turning out military type planes at a rate exceeding 60,000 a year, and experts say that after the war, if maintained on its present scale, the industry easily could deliver annually 15,000 heavy transport planes of the type currently in use. The ship-building industry, which in 1939 produced less than 345,000 tons of ships, has been built up to a capacity of 25,000,000 tons a year. To carry on the war the maximum production of both industries is needed. But when peace comes! Will we then have use for this abnormal output of air and surface transport? Will the swift air carrier, which has cut the crossing time of the fastest trans-Atlantic liners from five days to a few hours, displace the slower ocean-going ship? These are questions which now are receiving close study from the operators of both types of craft.

Already the operators of airlines and the operators of the merchant marine are looking into the postwar future and laying plans for what will certainly be the keenest rivalry in the field of transportation since the motor bus and the motor truck challenged the railroads.

Exhilarated by the almost magical development of aircraft and international air transport under the impact of the

war, the more venturesome among the aviation enthusiasts see almost no limit to the future of air transportation. They envision giant globe-circling cargo planes speeding through the air at speeds up to 300 miles an hour and carrying cargoes up to 250 tons or more. As Admiral Emory S. Land, chairman of the United States Maritime Commission, remarked recently, these enthusiasts have "visions of grandeur and make claims that would practically do away with ships in post-war international traffic."

More cautious airline operators admit very definite limiting factors to the post-war commercial operation of airplanes. Foreseeing a very great role in the postwar world for the air carrier, this group is not yet ready to read a funeral service over the surface vessel.

In the world of peace, which will predominate—the ships of the air or of the sea?

Neither among the designers of aircraft nor among the operators is there an agreement as to just what the post-war commercial airplane will be able to do. But there are two points on which most of the experts concur: the commercial airplane of the future will be bigger and faster than anything now in the air, and operation costs will be sharply brought down.

But how much bigger, how much faster, and how much cheaper will operation costs be? On these points there are almost as many guesses as there are air experts. Donald Douglas, a conservative, designer of the justly famed DC-3, the cargo carrier now widely used by the Army, looks for a cargo ship that will carry a payload of one hundred persons. Grover Loening, technical adviser on aviation to Donald Nelson, chairman of the War Production Board, thinks the aviation industry immediately after the war could produce a ship that would carry a five-ton load at 200 miles an hour. Peter Masefield, the British expert, envisions immediately after the war mainline transports with a cruising speed of 200 miles an hour,



The world's largest flying boat, the U. S. Navy's 67-ton Mars, is a forerunner of the great cargo planes of the future

and ten or fifteen years later, ships with cruising speeds of 350 miles an hour. This means, he points out, that immediately after the war a man could board a transport in New York at 10 A.M. on a Monday and be in London at the same hour on Tuesday; ten or fifteen years later he could make the same trip in half that time.

These dream ships are all bigger and faster than any ship now in use. The Navy's flying boat *Mars*, the largest cargo plane ever built, which made its initial flight from San Francisco to Hawaii last month, carried a load of a little more than ten short tons and its overall weight (including cargo and fuel) was about seventy tons. But, in view of the development that the war has brought, it would be fatuous for laymen to challenge the experts when they tell us, "You ain't seen nothin' yet."

I for one, am quite ready to believe that tomorrow's air carrier will be bigger and faster and, perhaps, quite unlike any ship now in the air. A batlike plane that is almost all wing and engines, without fuselage or tail, has been built and flown by the Northrop Aviation Company in California. Some designers believe that this will be the commercial plane of the future—a "flying wing" in which passengers and cargo will be carried in interior compartments instead of in the conventional long, narrow fuselage which is common to all types now in use.

The heads of aircraft designers and

air line operators are full of dreams, but what about the ship line operators? What will they have to offer when the war is over? Well, as we said a moment ago, the shipyards will have the greatest production capacity ever known, greater than anyone ever dreamed of in peace time, greater than the combined production capacity of all other maritime nations. Upon the conclusion of hostilities, unless Nazi submarine warfare is resumed on a wide scale, the United States government will possess a tonnage estimated at between 40,000,000 to 50,000,000 tons—an enormous merchant fleet. But this will be almost exclusively slow-going craft, unfitted for the carrying of passengers. Since most of the peacetime passenger-carrying ships have been converted into troop ships for the use of the Army and Navy (many indeed have been sunk), it would be many months before the ship lines could build a new fleet and start bidding against the airplanes for passenger traffic.

That, then, is how the postwar competition for international transportation would start: the ship lines with a huge tonnage of cargo ships (assuming of course that the government disposes of them to the private operators) and the air lines with plans on their drafting boards for bigger and faster cargo carriers. Both types of transportation, as we have seen, would have ample production facilities ready at hand.

That being the situation, what role, we may ask, is each likely to play? In answer-

ing the question let us consider separately the future of the two fields of international transportation—passengers and freight. In each field, the controlling factor unquestionably will be comparative costs. With some exceptions, which we shall note, passengers and freight, after the war as before the war, will seek the cheapest form of transportation.

There is no doubt that, immediately after the war, it would cost you or me more to fly to London from New York than to go by ocean liner. Most of the experts believe that the cost of transporting a passenger on the type of plane that would be available immediately after the war would be about twelve cents a mile, or \$420 from New York to London. Before the war only de luxe accommodations cost that much on all but the super-liners, and a comfortable trip could be made for much less.

We may assume, therefore, that in the early postwar years, only those travelers who put speed above expense would choose to travel by air—businessmen, diplomats, and others who would have some reason for wishing to reach their destination speedily.

But, if the dreams of the operators of the airlines are realized, if the cost of air passage from New York to London is cut to \$200 (many experts believe it will in from ten to fifteen years after the war), then the airlines unquestionably would obtain a much greater share of the passenger business.

Even so, shipping men do not believe that the airlines would acquire anything like a monopoly of passenger traffic. Surface carriers probably would continue to be able to compete with even the cheapest fares anticipated by the airline operators. There would always be many persons, unable to overcome

Admiral Emory S. Land predicts that ships will continue to be the "pack horse of the sea"



their fear of air travel, who would prefer the ship. And ships always will be able to offer recreational advantages—invigorating salt air, rest, swimming, dancing, and the like—advantages impossible to the airplane. Many shipping men, in fact, foreseeing the inroads the airlines are likely to make on the overseas passenger business, think their salvation, so far as this end is concerned, lies in pleasure cruises in which transportation would be subordinate to recreation.

Nearly all ship operators concede that the airlines will be formidable competitors. Most of them have given up the idea of attempting again to operate huge, fast, costly superliners, like the *Normandie*, the *Queen Mary*, the *Queen Elizabeth*, and so on. The postwar pas-

no question where the cost advantage lies. It lies overwhelmingly with the ships, and it will continue to lie with them for any time that we can foresee. Ships, moreover, have the added advantage of being able to carry bulk cargoes in quantities that no airplane built or planned could handle—cargoes such as coal, oil, heavy machinery, lumber, limestone, iron ore.

At present airplane transportation costs from twenty-five to forty-five cents to carry one ton one mile. In contrast, the cost of carrying the same commodities by ship would be reckoned, not in cents but in mills. Even though the cost of air transport were reduced to ten cents a mile, as some aviation experts predict, air transportation still would be

To carry the same weight of cargo would require 144 four-engined cargo planes of the type now being used by the Army, making ten round trips in the two months. These flights would burn up 18,000,000 gallons of aviation gasoline, which would cost not \$9,000 but \$2,250,000. Instead of a crew of fifty-five, the airplanes would employ crew personnel numbering 3500, whose pay would be at present rates about \$3,000,000. In short, the total cost of the airplane operation would be about \$29,000,000—250 times the freighter's round-trip cost of \$120,000.

These figures, moreover, do not take into account the cost of transporting 45,000 tons of aviation gasoline to intermediate points and to Australia to service the air carriers en route. Nor is the cost of engine overhaul at the Australian end of the trip reckoned in the total.

To put the comparison another way, for some cargoes, such for example, as a one-third horsepower electric motor, valued at thirty cents a pound, the transportation cost by air from Chicago to Brisbane, would be \$1.59 a pound—500 per cent of the pound value of the commodity. If, on the other hand, the motor were shipped by rail from Chicago to San Francisco and thence to Brisbane by water, the carrying cost would be only 1½ cents a pound, or 4 per cent of the commodity's pound value.

Only when justified by special circumstances, therefore, would an importer in Brisbane have an electric motor shipped to him by air instead. Such special circumstances would exist if a power plant in Brisbane had to shut down because of motor failure and replacements could be obtained only in Chicago. By air the replacements would reach the plant in four days, by ship in four weeks. In such a case, obviously, the reduction of the idle time of the plant from four weeks to four days would justify recourse to the costlier method of transportation.

It is clear, then, that so long as the cost advantage lies so overwhelmingly with the sea, the ship is not going to be displaced as "the pack horse of the sea," as Admiral Emory S. Land recently termed it.

To sum up, the world's trade in bulk cargoes will continue to move on the water. A substantial part of the overseas passenger traffic will be lost to the airplane, but the ships probably will continue to get their share of the passenger business, especially if they shift emphasis from the ship as a means of transportation to the ship as a floating playground. The superliner probably has had its day; the ship of the future will be a combination passenger and cargo carrier designed not for speed but for economy of operation.

ANTHEM IN TIME OF WAR

By John Bunker

Far have we strayed, O God, far have we strayed
From Thy great law of love, and now dismayed
We come, Thy children; like little children we come,
Seeking the solace of our Father's home.

Behold, we stand, each with his burden of fears
Before Thy throne: oh, quench the hate that sears
And from these dreads that shake us grant release.
Show us Thy mercy, Lord! give us Thy peace!

Our true home is not here; not here, O Lord,
Our lasting place; we are a wandering horde
Lost in the night. Oh, show us now the way
Through this grim darkness to victorious day!

senger ships, they believe, will be compact, single class, medium-speed vessels, economical to operate.

A solution of the problem which confronts the ship operators would be joint operation of ships and airlines. But at present the opposition of the government to such operations stands in the way. When the American Export Line sought a license to operate a trans-Atlantic airline, the government forced the company to divorce its air operations from its shipping business. But the ship operators have not given up hope of persuading the government to lift the ban, and already the major American flag lines have banded together to work for that end.

When we come to the relative roles of air and surface carriers in the field of overseas freight transportation, there is

from ten to twenty times costlier than sea shipping.

Let us look at some comparative figures prepared by William A. Patterson, president of United Airlines, who cannot be accused of being prejudiced in favor of shipping. Taking as an example, a ship with a carrying capacity of 6,400 tons, making a round trip from San Francisco to Brisbane, Australia, Patterson figures that it would take the ship two months to make the 14,000-mile round trip. Fuel oil consumed would be 425,000 gallons, which would cost about \$9,000. The two months' pay of a crew of 55 would be about \$15,000. Based on the cost-experience of a coastwise shipping company, which probably would be high for the trans-Pacific operation, the total costs chargeable to the two months' trip would be \$120,000.



The daughter of Jose Santos Chicano, great Latin American poet, at the shrine of Cerro del Carmen



During Holy Week, sacred images are taken from the churches and carried in procession, as is this life-sized statue of Christ

Unnecessary,

IN A recently published brochure entitled, *Should Protestant Missionaries be withdrawn from Latin America*, Mr. Harold A. Bosley presents in print the content of a sermon delivered recently in Baltimore in which this question is answered emphatically in the negative with a number of specific and pointed references to the Catholic position on the subject. There is enough evidence to indicate that the problem is becoming increasingly disquieting to a great many Americans, and that sooner or later it is going to be something of an issue between groups of American citizens of diverse religious affiliations. In all honesty it must be said that Mr. Bosley's statement is extremely well reasoned, presented with considerable fairness, and inclined to be as charitable to the Church of Rome as possible—without, of course, making too many concessions or failing to raise some of the conventional and standard bogies.

A statement as serious as this deserves the most careful attention of our fellow Catholics. We ought to welcome the opportunity of breaking lances, if the need arises, regarding a problem that crops

up again and again, but which we are very rarely inclined to discuss honestly and candidly. There is an unfortunate disposition in our country to avoid all religious discussions as in bad taste. This curious reluctance to discuss fundamentals makes it singularly difficult to come to grips with problems which have a religious implication. There is no valid reason why a discussion involving religious views or convictions should necessarily be so acrimonious and violent as to lead to unmitigated ill will. On the contrary, it might be well if we faced this problem fairly and admit that in dealing with certain problems pertaining to the other republics of this hemisphere, the question of religion simply must be brought out in the open and examined. As G. K. Chesterton once asked, if we refuse to discuss religion or politics, what is there left to discuss?

As Catholics we do not look with particular relish on the activities of Protestant missionary bodies in Latin America where the general religious and spiritual atmosphere for these many centuries has been Catholic. The Protestants, on the

other hand, see in that area a perfectly legitimate field of operations and construe any condemnation by Catholic authority merely as an attempt to maintain a monopolistic control. These are pretty fundamental positions, and the effort ought to be made to see if we at least understand each other.

From the reading of a considerable number of statements on the subject I think the various Protestant contentions in the matter may be summarized as follows:

1. The proposal to exclude Protestant missionaries from Latin America would be a blow to the freedom of religion.
2. The Protestant missions are in no way a danger to the Good Neighbor Policy as now practiced by the Government of the United States.
3. The Catholic position implies an unfortunate view of the relation of Church and State and carries with it the desire to retain domination over an entire continent.
4. The Catholic Church has never reached the mass of people and consequently cannot claim to have worked the field, so to speak, completely.



Praying Indians, with clouds of incense smoke arising from their censers, ascend the steps of the Church of Chihicastenango in Guatemala

Three Lions

Protestant missions as now organized and directed from the United States, would not mean in any sense of the word that religious freedom would disappear. I believe it would be difficult even for our Protestant friends to contend that only where Protestant activity is carried on, can there be religious freedom. If every Protestant missionary were to be withdrawn tomorrow from every country in Latin America, the individual Latin American would not lose the essential freedom of religion about which we are all in agreement. He could continue as a practicing Catholic, he could fall into indifferentism, or he could move in circles completely alienated from the Church. His situation as regards his own conscience and the presence or absence of faith would not change in the slightest.

In other words, the problem is not one of freedom of religion but one of whether the encouragement of Protestant missions in this area is a desirable policy. The present times are difficult. The relations with the other republics of this hemisphere are delicate and complicated. Great caution, tact, and understanding must be exercised to obtain the respect and the good will of peoples who hold many mental reservations about the United States and its purposes. A vast sector of this public opinion is Catholic and is steeped in the traditions and attitudes of the Catholic way of life. This may be good or bad, according to one's viewpoint, but the essential thing is that it exists. How do Protestant mission activities contribute to the betterment of these relations? It is an unfortunate fact that all too often Protestant missions in Latin America have identified themselves with the United States, its culture, and its institutions, so that in the popular mind missions and the United States are indistinguishable.

The Protestant missionary has become in the minds of a great many people an *American* missionary. Too frequently the Protestant school in a given locality is called quite simply the *American* school. The implication is obvious. The confusion has produced the idea that these institutions and the missionaries responsible for them are outposts of American influence and the essential culture of the United States. Does this produce positive good with regard to our relations with a majority, at least, of the Latin Americans, who,

Unwelcome, Unwise

By RICHARD PATTEE

5. The Church is not conducive to the type of freedom and democracy to which we aspire at the present time. Protestantism, on the other hand, is synonymous with freedom of religion and not mere tolerance and, as a result, constitutes an enlightening influence in these nations.

I hope I have summarized these positions fairly. There are an infinite number of secondary contentions, but I believe the above five points form a resumé of the viewpoints as revealed in numerous Protestant writings. Suppose we examine each of these points, not merely in terms of principle, but specifically and realistically as applied to Latin America. It goes without saying that the twenty republics of America of Spanish, Portuguese, and French speech, are full of subtleties and complexities, and, as a consequence, it is not easy to make generalizations. It is very important, however, to emphasize that in suggesting that Protestant missions be curtailed, there is as much practical international policy involved as any religious principle.

There is a vast difference between religious freedom as the denial of the

right of the individual to approach God according to the dictates of his conscience, and the suggestion that formal missionary activity, financed and controlled from abroad, be curtailed in areas where the dominant religious belief is already one of the recognized forms of Christianity. No one has proposed that the Latin American *has* to be a Catholic. No one has suggested that it would be desirable to erect a wall about the continent so that ideas and doctrines hostile to Catholicism should not enter. The Catholic Church assuredly has no fear of meeting its adversaries in open combat if that is necessary. For two thousand years the Church has managed to make its way as well as most institutions, and I daresay it has no fears of disputations with those of different views.

The absence in Latin America of

There is as much practical international policy as religious principle involved in the tactless activity of U. S. Protestant missionaries in South America

if not always good Catholics, live within the framework of that religious tradition? Many of these schools have sought to hide their identity either by denying their sectarian character or creating legal subtleties to avoid the accusation of being strictly church institutions. This in itself should be fairly convincing evidence that it is often considered desirable to appear as American rather than as Protestant.

Putting aside for the moment the question of principle, is it politic and wise at the present time, when suspicion regarding the United States is gradually breaking down, to encourage a type of penetration which has aroused the hostility of a large number of Latin Americans? Whatever may be said about the degree of fervor in the Latin American countries, this area is unquestionably within the Catholic tradition. Its institutions, ideas, customs, social forms, all spring from a Catholic mold. Protestantism is quite unrelated to this background and is something alien and strange. The great diversity of the Protestant sects, the confusion of their theology, cannot lead in Latin America but to worse confusion yet. Moreover, it must be stated with the greatest frankness that much of the Protestant mission activity is directed specifically against the Catholic Church and its clergy.

To support this contention, I could cite innumerable cases from personal experience in various countries where I have had some contact with missionaries from the United States. I recall several in the north of Brazil, eager and unsophisticated young men, devoted to their task of bringing enlightenment to those areas, but whose concern as expressed to me was to extirpate from the minds of these unfortunate people the curiously anachronistic respect and love for their priests. In a remote town in eastern Bolivia I once came upon a gentleman who proclaimed himself as the representative of Amy Semple McPherson in those backwaters and who devoted his time and energy to denouncing the local Bishop from an improvised stand set up in the public plaza. Can our Protestant friends say that their missionaries in Latin America have avoided as much as possible diatribe and attack against the Catholic Church? Has there not been in their attitude, unfortunately, a strong element of Popish baiting? Is there not much of the same spirit which led to the construction of a Protestant seminary in Rome, overlooking the Vatican? There is much of the defiant in this rather than a sincere purpose to meet the needs of people who have not as yet been reached by any religious agency.

It is true, of course, that there are many people in Latin America who

have been untouched by any of the Christian organizations. Parts of Latin America are still in a state resembling that of the sixteenth century and may be considered as a problem involving the conquest of the wilderness. The Catholic Church maintains in many of these countries—notably Brazil, Bolivia, Peru, and others—missions which follow the pattern of those of the earlier conquest. In general, it strikes me that most of the Protestant missions have concentrated their activity in the urban communities. They have contributed extremely little to the spiritual conquest of the vast interior. In traveling the remote interior of Bolivia from the Brazilian frontier in the north to the Chaco in the south, I found no trace of Protestant missionaries except in the towns or cities. In other words, they have selected as sites for missionary labor precisely the places where the Catholic Church is the most solidly established and where religious opportunity for the inhabitants is the greatest.

I would return to the contention that in terms of the Good Neighbor Policy, the activity of the American-sponsored Protestant missionaries in Latin America, *in the large*, has not contributed positively to the advancement of the cause of international understanding between these people and the United States. Much of this activity is a definite irritant. Here and there all over Latin America, members of the hierarchy feel called upon to condemn this proselytizing as inimical to the best interests of the countries involved. It is not a fear of losing a monopoly that leads Catholics to resent this activity. For many years, Protestant missionaries have had almost complete liberty of action in these countries. In some cases, governments have been favorable to them and have invited them in. More than one administration in Ecuador, for example, used the introduction of Protestant missionaries as a weapon against the so-called clerical influence.

What have the practical results been? Have the various Protestant denomina-

tions made any substantial headway in Latin America? The reply is clearly negative. In spite of many years of often unrestricted freedom, the number of Protestants in all these republics is still extraordinarily low. In spite of the expenditure of what must be very substantial sums, the number of converts is not large. It would be difficult to name even a handful of outstanding Latin Americans in any field of endeavor: government, administration, letters, science, or diplomacy, who can be labeled Protestants. In other words, has the effort been worth the candle?

Many Latin American Catholics who find these activities annoying and unnecessary, raise the question of why these well-meaning efforts are not directed to the United States itself where perhaps half of the entire population professes no religion at all? Is there not an ample field of opportunity among the millions of Americans who have either lost their religion or never had one? Is it necessary to go far afield in countries which have grown up under Catholic influence, to create in their midst friction, misunderstanding, annoyance, and downright hostility?

It is certainly not fear on the part of the Catholic Church that its "domination" is going to be broken. Nor does it involve what some Protestant writers have referred to as the unfortunate attitude of the Catholic Church toward the problem of its relations with the State. In very few cases in Latin America is there the kind of Church-State relationship that is envisaged here. In Mexico, Ecuador, Brazil, Chile, and other countries, the separation of Church and State is complete—so complete as to be in many cases actually a state of hostility of one toward the other. In this matter of Church and State there is much that may be said. After all, our Protestant friends ought to be aware of what it implies since the movements of the sixteenth century brought into being the idea of the head of the State and Church in the same person. It is not a Catholic theory but a Protestant one that made

Footnotes to Fame—I

► One day a new recruit approached General Pershing with these words: "Hey, buddy, give me a light, will you?"

The General handed the rookie a match for his cigarette, while some soldiers looked on aghast. When they told their new buddy the name of the distinguished gentleman he had accosted, the boy turned white and ran after the General.

"I'm so sorry, sir," he stuttered. "I didn't recognize you. I've only been here a couple of hours, and I don't know one uniform from another and—"

"That's all right, son," General Pershing interrupted with a twinkle in his eyes. "Only take my advice and never try it on a second lieutenant."

Prussia and Great Britain the most perfect examples of the head of a State and of a Church in the same person.

The idea that the Catholic Church seeks to "dominate" a continent and exclude competitors is hardly in consonance with the realities. Naturally the Church prefers that unity be maintained, that the faithful retain their faith, and that the instrumentalities of religion reach the great mass of the people. This contention strikes, of course, at the heart of a very old and frequently repeated controversy. We Catholics have always held to what seems to us to be a truism, that the advent of Protestantism in Europe meant the breakdown of unity and with it the development of a blatant and overwhelming nationalism. The ability of mankind since the appearance of Luther to live together in peace and harmony does not seem to have increased noticeably. The return to a type of tribalism or to primitive national loyalties can certainly be attributed in large measure to the decline in the popular influence of Catholic Christianity and the nationalizing of Christianity as a result of the Reformation.

That our viewpoints are quite irreconcilable must be apparent. That we can discuss honestly and dispassionately the issues of the day, each from our own angle and viewpoint, ought to be equally apparent. It is not easy for the casual observer to pass judgment on the Church in Latin America and its rôle and accomplishment. We are too prone to undertake to apply to Latin America a criterion which would be acceptable in the United States. Catholics in this country are a minority, powerful and well-organized, to be sure, but nevertheless a minority. We are not merely a minority in number, which is the least important, but a minority in the sense that we did not partake to any large degree in the fashioning of the great institutions of this country or of the concepts of conduct and of government that underlie its existence. The United States in its social and political genius sprang from sources which were fundamentally non-Catholic. The exact reverse is true in Latin America. The Catholic Church was the intimate partner of the conquest; the co-builder of the new society; the guide and adviser during centuries. The great institutions of Spanish and Portuguese America have evolved as essentially Catholic in their expression and character. The social and political thinking of the Church have influenced this process deeply and profoundly.

It is true, of course, that in the building of a Christian society in an area as vast as Latin America, there are numerous cases of superficial conversions, lax

methods, and hasty improvisation. It would be absurd to assume that today the millions and millions of Latin Americans are all good, devout, and practicing Catholics. The Church is the first to lament the contrary. The problems have been stupendous.

Many Protestants deny that Catholicism has really become a part of the life of the people. I would go so far as to state that Catholicism is the *only* thing that has really penetrated. The marvel is that in spite of the absence of adequate instruction, of constant and renewed effort to enlighten, and of the impossibility of reaching everyone with the Sacraments, the Catholic spirit pervades and predominates to a degree which is nothing short of extraordinary. Anyone who has visited the magnificent Shrine of the Virgin of Guadalupe, cannot fail, unless his prejudice is blinding, to recognize the work of faith among the lowly masses of Mexico. Thousands upon thousands pass before this sanctuary week in and week out, to pay homage to the Mother of God. These are humble folk who have few ideas of theology, who are moved by a deep and abiding faith that years of persecution and hostility have not been able to eradicate. Some of our non-Catholic friends may chalk this off as superstition and benighted backwardness. It is the only thing that has made for unity; that has held these inchoate nationalities together. Indian and Spaniard, Negro and Portuguese—all have felt the same influence and the same all-embracing faith.

I do not believe we can accept the idea that Protestantism has brought with it freedom as a reality and progress as a corollary. I do not believe we are going

to get anywhere if we quarrel as to whether or not our respective religious institutions stand for democracy, freedom, or the like. The record of the Catholic Church in the present world controversy ought to be an effective enough reply to those who see in her a totalitarian force or one which seeks to employ police methods to keep out the opposition. Has any institution voiced a more powerful or clear enunciation of the worth of the human person, the nefarious character of statism, and the dastardliness of racism than the Holy See? Have more faithful and vigorous men appeared than Van Roey, Faulhaber, Von Galen, and the like? In short, let our Protestant friends remember that the Catholic Church seeks only the peace and harmony of mankind. It is not a civil institution and does not propose that any one form of government is the best. It seeks to live with any government which respects its spiritual rights.

Our relations with Latin America are of vital importance to the future. Millions of its citizens are Catholic and want to remain so. Their opinion has not been, unhappily, too favorable to the United States. Part of their resentment at least flows from the fact that it has seemed to them that American Protestant activities have been too much an entering wedge for ideas that they do not welcome. Would it not be wiser to curtail these activities in the name of good sense and a better policy? Is it indispensable to the peace of mind and tranquillity of the Protestant Churches to seek new territory in Latin America? Would it not be the greater wisdom to devote their energies and good intentions elsewhere?

MOMENT BEFORE LANDING

By Sister Maris Stella

The little hills, dove-gray, lay
clustered in shadow. The day
still lurked off to the east
behind the Irish Sea. O least
of those who turned
landward after the night I yearned
for Ireland, loving the sea more
at that moment than any shore.

Under the muffled clamor
of seabirds following the steamer
I saw that island of the heart and heard
far sweeter than any bird
out of the dark singing,
somewhere on shore a Mass bell ringing.
Then suddenly dearer than the sea
that gray land was to me.

The Beginning

By HAROLD CHANNING WIRE

THE high, round knoll is not barren now; a great, rambling house, low-roofed and U-shaped, stands there deep in the shade of mountain oaks. Flowering vines climb the posts of a full-length front gallery open toward the green valley of the upper Laramie where thousands of JN cattle graze. And everywhere here at the home quarters of the JN, in the house, the flower garden, the transplanted oaks, is a mellowed peace left by the years.

But that late afternoon when Joe Nelson—young Joe then—rode onto the bald, barren knoll and saw his new land beyond him, peace had no part in his vision, and thoughts of a house with maybe a woman in it were the last things to come into his mind.

It was getting on toward dusk. Below him his bunch of fifty cows that he had been herding for three hundred miles grazed out on the valley grass. They were mostly shes for the new ranch he was starting. He shouldn't let them go too far. For this was Wyoming Territory, still pretty wild, and the trouble that could come into a bunch of cattle after dark wouldn't always walk on four legs.

Yet for a moment longer Joe waited, sitting up lean and straight in his weather-stained saddle, his face and hair and grave young eyes all of the same saddle-leather brown.

His drifting gaze took in the valley, the solid, dark forest of pine running to the edges of it, the wide, lazy loops of the Laramie curling along its bottom toward the north. And it seemed to him that he had been riding toward this place all the twenty-one years of his life. It was what cowmen were always looking for, from the time they were born. An ideal home range. The way his father had looked before him. Only it was what his father had never found. Just plain lucky himself, Joe guessed.

Back in Cheyenne a government surveyor had said, "I've seen a lot of country, son. That up there at the head of the Laramie has got the world beat. But you'd better hurry. Plenty of others are going to grab it when they hear about it."

Joe had hurried. He took a chance. He had been buying land scrip with his wages, and he put it all on five sections, better than three thousand acres, sight unseen.

The surveyor hadn't lied to him. This had everything for a great ranch. Already he could see his pole corrals and branding pens and bunk shacks for maybe fifteen or twenty hands. He thought of a house for himself then. A couple of log rooms down there in the pines. And some day, he knew, there'd be a woman here. Not for a long time though; not till after he'd made his beginning. A man could do that best alone.

Shadow filled the valley. Joe rode down. By the time he had rounded in his cattle and bedded them and unloaded his pack animal in a camp site at the edge of pines, it was dark. He staked his two horses nearby, then built a quick cooking fire with pine cones between two rocks.

As he put his coffee pot on and crouched onto his heels waiting for it to boil, a warm elation filled him. Time went further back than he could remember when he'd sat at his own home fire.

Drifting years, good and bad, had stamped Joe Nelson's young face with a lean-muscle toughness. But the moment's content loosened it with his easy grin. He reached into the pocket of his faded blue shirt for a book of corn-shuck papers and muslin tobacco sack . . . and didn't know what it was that warned him. He looked up and saw how his big, gray saddle horse had its head lifted, one ear stiffly forward, the other moving in a slow search along the mountainside.

Unhurried, Joe got onto his long legs and walked casually to where he had left his bed pack. But there beyond the firelight he took a quick step into the dark. It might be only a prowling bear

—Indians weren't loose in this country now—but it might be something else. Looking back, he saw the gray's head still lifted. He went on quietly in the direction the one stiff ear was turned.

The black pine trunks shielded him; the needle mat made no sound beneath his boots. His forty-four cocked and ready, he worked on from one trunk to the next. Nothing was clear. The night's bright stars shed a vague glow among the trees. He stopped and stood breathing slowly, listening.

It wasn't sound that made him hold his breath next instant. Not a dozen steps away the shape of a hat bulged out from the straight line of a tree trunk. Squinting, Joe saw the figure then, and last of all the dark slant of a rifle barrel.

A dull anger swept him. He let his voice whip out:

"All right, you! Throw up your hands!"

A blur of hands went up as he stepped forward. But the slanting rifle barrel didn't fall. That was the first thing to strike him suddenly dumb. For, close, he saw it wasn't a gun barrel, but a short-handled pitchfork, its straight tines thrust into the ground. The next thing was a girl's whitened face staring from beneath the hat brim.

She stood speechless. Joe searched the trees around her. There was no sign of anyone else. "You alone?" He kept his voice low.

She didn't speak, and her silence seemed to be the answer. She was alone and frightened.

He knew what she was. A hoe-girl, daughter of some hoe-man. That wasn't one of the troubles he had expected here and it set the cowman's hardness in him, even if she was a girl.

Straightening, he said, "You can put your hands down. Go on into my camp."

She walked in front of him meekly enough. Yet seeing how she gripped the pitchfork, he knew he wouldn't want her to come at him with that thing behind his back.

In camp he pushed the smouldering pine cones together with his boot toe and put on a stick. In the upward flood of light her face was young, thin, and hollow-cheeked. Blue eyes stared at him bitterly and all at once her meekness was gone.

She jerked her head up. "If you knew how I hate you! Why can't you people leave us alone!"

At the start of Wyoming's great JN on the upper Laramie, Joe Nelson faced assorted troubles—a burnt-out home, Bluebank's men, and a girl named Del

"Sure you hate us," Joe agreed. Homen had no business on a cow range. They always took it hard when cowmen ran them off. He guessed this girl had been run. "But not me in this case," he added. "If something's happened I wasn't in it. I just came here today."

She leaned toward him a little. "Then you're not one of Bluebank's men?"

"No," he said, "I'm Joe Nelson's man. I'm Joe. Now what were you doin' watchin' my camp?"

He could feel the search she gave him before she answered almost tonelessly. "It's no use. Let me go. I've got my father over there in a wagon." She nodded backward up the ridge. "Bluebank's men fired our house this morning and gave us till tonight to leave the valley. We got this far—"

"Who is this Bluebank?" Joe broke in.

"He owns a lot of land at the valley mouth and claims the rest of it up here."

"And you think his men'll be back?"

"Yes. We tried to leave, but my father's all done in. I made camp, then walked out tonight and saw your fire. I'd hoped you were one of our kind and would help us." She paused, giving him a chance to speak. And when he didn't

he saw the bitter tightening of her lips. "Even if you aren't one of Bluebank's, you're a cowman!"

"That's right," Joe granted, "I am. Still, if your Pa's sick—I wouldn't see even a coyote left in a trap."

"You mean—"

"I only mean," he said, "I'll go to your camp. Is that all the weapon you've got?"

She gripped the pitchfork, turning. "Yes. They took our gun."

Coming in from the south, he had missed the wagon road. Over a low ridge not far above his camp, two wheel-ruts ran out of the north and swung east into a canyon.

He watched the girl ahead of him, like a small shadow in the dark.

In a moment he asked, "What's your name, anyway?"

She answered without looking around. "Adele Travis. I'm called just Del."

Joe repeated it to himself, "Del Travis," and liked the sound. He wondered what she would look like with the man's hat and coat off.

The road turned again. He wasn't watching beyond the girl and when she halted suddenly, he stumbled against her back. Then he saw the roadside camp in front of them lighting up.

A man had got down from a horse and was throwing sticks onto the camp-fire coals. The quick flare reached two others slouched in their saddles above a farm wagon's low, open box.

Joe felt the girl press back close to him. Her breathing was fast and short. "They're the ones!"

"I'll talk," he said. "Go on." They went side by side, her shoulder touching his arm.

Entering the light, Joe moved in front of her. He stopped and pushed up his hat. "Good evenin', gentlemen," he said.

His drifting gaze took in the valley. It was what cowmen were always looking for from the time they were born



Illustrated by
PAUL KINNEAR

The three men looked him over, saying nothing. Joe returned their cool, appraising look. It wasn't hard for him to place the two who were still . . . just something . . . he couldn't tell what.

The unblinking drill points of their eyes, maybe, in stubble that masked their faces, and the way they wore their guns in open holsters, easy to reach. They might be working cowhands now, but men who had ever ridden with the wild bunch carried a certain stamp.

The one standing near the fire was younger, about his own age and build. His face was dark, sharp-lined, and too good-looking. An arrogant conceit glinted in his black eyes.

"Trouble?" Joe said at last.

The two in their saddles glanced down at the younger man. One growled, "Who is he, Hurd?"

"The name," Joe said, "is Nelson. Joe Nelson, from Cheyenne."

"Then you know who Bluebank is," the one called Hurd said flatly. "We're Bluebank men. I'm Hurd Riley, his foreman. These people are leavin' the valley and we're here to see they do, that's all."

It took Joe a moment to know that it wasn't all. Del Travis stepped past him quickly and stopped. A choked fury was in her voice. "We've started, haven't we?" she demanded. "We'll go on in the morning. Can't you give us a chance?"

"You had your chance." The black eyes held the girl's. "Maybe you've changed your mind?"

Joe saw everything then. This Hurd Riley had wanted Del to be sweet to him, and she hadn't been. That would go bad in his kind. A conceited man was always mean.

He moved out to one side of the girl before he spoke. "I don't see any hurry," he said. "You can leave these folks here tonight."

"You tellin' me what to do?" Riley stepped in close, the blocked and hot-headed fire rushing across his dark face.

Joe waited. This was none of his business; but his own dull anger had risen with knowing why these nesters were being run off. He felt an instant's mockery that he was being drawn in by a girl who meant nothing at all to him. "I guess I am," he answered, and was ready, watching Riley's right hand.

The fist clenched a fraction of a second before it started up. When the blow came Joe rolled his head and pivoted and his own right fist caught the man behind the ear. He hooked a belly blow with his left and Riley doubled and fell.

There were still two tough men against him . . . and a girl to think about. He jerked his gun and covered the men. Instantly he saw this move was a mistake. For they hadn't touched their guns. But their hard eyes glared at him.

One snarled, "Gun-fighter, huh? Tough. We'll remember that!"

Joe kept them covered, moving back to include Riley who had rolled and was getting up from the ground. "Now I'll tell you gentlemen," he said. "This is private property. You've got no say-so when these folks have to leave."

"Private?" Standing, Riley brought himself to a sudden stop. "This is Bluebank range!"

"Was, maybe," Joe corrected, "when it was open land."

"You've come in with a bunch of cows?"

"I wouldn't call them goats," Joe said.

The foreman's eyes cooled with something that went deeper than his hot-headed fire. He reached for his saddle, turned the stirrup, mounted, and leaned his arms on the horn.

"That makes things a different color. Bob-tailed cow outfits class with squatters here. This is a warning. You better move."

"The land I've got is bought and paid for," Joe said flatly. "And I intend to stay on it."

Hurd Riley sat a moment longer giving him that cool look. Then he thumbed a signal to the others. All three picked up their reins, wheeled together, and were gone. Watching them, Joe felt only a bitter, disgusted anger with himself.

Behind him a voice said, "Son, I thank you." He turned and saw a gaunt, brown, gray-haired man lying on a straw tick in the open wagon box. Raising himself a little, he said again, "I thank you, but you shouldn't have done this."

"No," Joe agreed, "I shouldn't. Is there anything you need?"

"Nothing more than sleep. I haven't had much lately."

"You can get some now. I don't think they'll be back tonight. And you needn't move tomorrow."

The old man looked up with tired, kindly eyes, blue as the girl's and deeply troubled. Slowly, he said, "There's nothing Bluebank will stop at. I don't see why you did it. You're a cowman yourself."

"And a plain dang fool to boot!" Joe said and started off. Somehow he couldn't show the girl his angry face and avoided her, walking fast.

In his dark camp he kicked open his bed roll and sat down. He put his head in his hands. He didn't see what those Bluebank men could do. The land was

his. But he was alone here in a country that was pretty wild. He began to jerk off his boots. Let a woman come around and see what happens. Trouble right away!

He was up at dawn next morning, instantly wide-awake, looking for his cows. They had already left their bed-ground to graze across the bottom grass. They were spread out now drinking peacefully in the stream.

He made a potful of coffee and drank four cups, and knew that if trouble was coming there'd be no point in waiting for it here. He saddled the gray and rode out to locate the boundaries of his land.

Up the wooded slope to the east he found a line of freshly blazed pine trunks. They led north along a ridge. He followed them, came at last to a larger blaze scribed with Range and Township marks.

This was one of his corners. Joe looked back. All this . . . this forest, the valley to the west, the grass and stream and some of the wooded slope beyond . . . his.

He sat letting that proud sense of possession swell in him, stopped only a little when the sweep of his eyes caught a thin flag of smoke above the far-off Bluebank buildings at the valley mouth; and afterward, turning west down into the bottom, that elation grew.

It was long past noon by the time he had found all his boundary marks. He was back on the east slope once more at the corner of his southeast section. The wind brought something; faint, bitter smoke. He followed it through the pines and found the rutted wagon road. A mountain meadow opened ahead.

Joe halted. He leaned forward on his saddle horn with a strange, tightened feeling.

"A pretty spot," he thought. "It sure is." The meadow was like a sunny green bowl. A little flashing stream flowed down the middle. A sweet smell of clover in bloom filled the air. A peaceful place, that's what it seemed, if he didn't look off to his left.

Over on that side there had been a garden, young corn and potatoes and beans, but trampled now into the ground. There had been a row of flower plants, too, close to where the charred ruins of a log house smoldered. The fireplace chimney was still standing. He could see how the rocks had been made to fit without use of mud or mortar. Del's old man must have been a skilled stonemason. And farther on was a new dugout cellar, ready for the winter food supply that wouldn't be in there now.

In spite of himself he felt sorry for these nesters. They were fools to settle on a cow range. But he understood the urge they had, wanting a home.

► The greatest pleasure I know is to do a good action by stealth, and to have it found out by accident.

—CHARLES LAMB

Riding away in a moment, he knew that feeling sorry for them wasn't any use. It would do no good. When the old man could travel they'd have to go. Then the full meaning of what he had just looked at jolted him. Nesters weren't the only ones being driven out of here! He lifted his horse into a lope.

Throughout the morning he had kept close watch of his cattle, yet had been hidden from them now for more than an hour. From the ridge crest the valley opened below. They were there . . . a little far to the north, and too close to the edge of pines. He rode down slanting above his camp and came to the valley bottom a mile farther on. The cattle stared at him stupidly, undisturbed. But pushing them away from the forest, Joe took count, scowled, counted again. A slow chill of warning crept over his skin.

One was missing. Neither bear nor mountain lion could knock down a three-year-old cow and drag it off into the forest. The warning he felt was not to trail back in there to see what it had been. Rounding the bunch more close and keeping in the open, he tried to figure it out. A stampede was what he had expected, or some other way of killing off his herd. Why only one?

He stopped them not far from his camp, started in, and saw Del Travis waiting there.

Even then he gave her only a quick look, riding on to unsaddle his horse. But he was aware of her. For something had happened. Something that made him wash his face in the stream and dust off his pants before going back to where she was.

Last night she had not taken her hat off; and in the man's loose coat she had looked thin and shapeless. She wore a dress now, fresh, white cotton, with creases in it as if it had been long packed away. A row of pearl buttons from the high neck to her waist held the cloth tight over a small, fully rounded woman's figure, and the way her pale gold hair was drawn back and twisted in a knot at the nape of her neck, made her face more grown up than he had thought.

He had never known a hoe-girl could be so pretty, and so fine-looking, too. But he stood with his mind still half on his cattle. One wouldn't have strayed from open grass. It made him blunt. "You seen any of those men around?"

A little secret smile had been in the girl's eyes, looking at Joe. A sudden fright filled them. "No! What's happened?"

"Nothing," he said. "What was it you wanted here?"

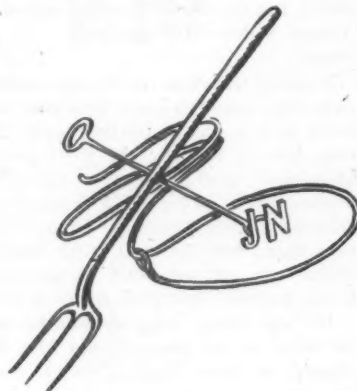
She stooped and picked up a crockery platter covered with a flour sack. "I brought you something to eat."

Joe scowled. "I can cook," he said.

"Not as well as I can, you can't!" Her blue eyes danced at him.

As he lifted the flour sack she watched him brightly. He grinned. Biscuits, baked potato, a dark venison steak. "Smells good," he said and ate one of the biscuits first. "Tastes good, too. Most as good as I can fix myself."

She laughed, bending over, her voice quick and gay. "I'd like to see you try!"



When the platter was empty he put his coffee pot on a cone fire and crouched there while it boiled, then poured a tin cupful. And all this time that he had said nothing, Del Travis seemed content to sit on the bed roll gravely watching what he did.

He sprawled on the grass apart from her to drink his coffee, keeping his cows in view. "How's your Pa?" he asked.

Her grave face brightened. "Feeling pretty good. All he needed was sleep. It's been hard trying to guard our house day and night."

Joe nodded. "Must have been. I was up there. That's a good fireplace your Pa built."

"No man can lay rock better," she said proudly. "That was his trade before he got land fever."

Joe's gaze was off toward his cows again. He heard the girl's voice stop, and the long pause afterward. Beyond his cattle, shadows were beginning to creep out from the high peaks. Trouble usually came after dark, and the way it was now it would reach him first. Del and her father would be safer in their own camp. He turned his head and saw her studying him.

"Won't you be putting up a house?" she asked.

"Before winter," he said.

Her quick smile came then. "Why not a rock one? You have such a lot of good flat shale here."

Her face showed so plainly what she was thinking. Her father could build a rock house for him. They could stay awhile. . . . Joe weighed it. But a house

was the last thing he could plan tonight.

He stood up. There was a high squareness to his shoulders, a lean, young strength of his shape in front of the girl's waiting eyes.

"No," he said at last. "I'll have a log one. You better go now. I've got to bed my cows."

"All right." The color drained from her cheeks. She rose, picked up her platter quickly and was gone.

Joe saddled and rode out, and as he circled his little bunch, pooling them closely for the night, no country had ever seemed more peaceful. He stopped to let the animals grow quiet and sat watching the darkening valley. About this same time yesterday he had first seen his land. And some of the same lift of feeling came back to him. Only now . . .

In camp again he left his horse saddled, sat down on his bed roll, and stared at the glowing coals of his fire. If trouble was coming there'd be no use hiding from it, or running away. He'd have to face it sometime, somewhere.

Darkness came swiftly. He needed a smoke, but waited, and then, watching outward into the night, he saw a shadow drift close to the black pool of his cows.

Joe moved fast, quietly, crouching up onto his toes and starting for his horse. The shot was like a whiplash behind him, its stab of flame lighting his camp. He spun. Out of the dark a voice snapped, "Hold it! You'll get the next!"

Standing rooted, Joe searched the black pillars of trees.

The voice came again, Hurd Riley's: "Throw that gun away!"

He tossed his gun onto his bed roll. "Now kick up your fire."

It wasn't until he had laid on a pine stick and the firelight had spread its circle, that the two stubble-faced Bluebank men rode in from an opposite direction, leading Riley's horse. They had their guns drawn. Riley moved out of the dark behind him then and mounted. And a fourth man was coming in now from the bedded cattle.

He rode in and halted at Hurd Riley's stirrup, a lank, slouched shape, with only a long nose and long, lantern jaw showing clearly beneath the dip of a limp and battered hat.

His eyes on Joe, Riley said, "How about it, Rucker?"

"Same bunch," the lank man grunted. "Same as the one you killed today."

Firelight glittered in the blackness of Hurd Riley's eyes. "Rustled cattle! This man," he jerked a nod at the one beside him, "is from Cheyenne himself. You weren't very smart, stopping here. Did a good job running new brands, but you should've known the old one still showed under the hide. We found that when we skinned a cow this afternoon."

The Mayor Presided . . .

► Joseph Chamberlain, when Prime Minister of England, told this story about himself. He was guest of honor at a banquet. The mayor of the city presided and when coffee was being served he leaned over and touched Mr. Chamberlain, saying, "Shall we let them enjoy themselves a little longer or had we better have your speech now?"

"And so?" Joe inquired. But he felt his stomach squeeze up inside him. He had bought his cattle cheap, in a hurry. Maybe too cheap. He didn't think they could all have blotted brands, but these men needed only one for an excuse.

"So this," Riley answered evenly. "I'm going to give you one chance."

Joe stood with his hand against his empty holster, a quiet insolence in his muttered, "You're sort of good at givin' chances—your kind of chance." He was thinking of this man's offer to Del last night; and he saw the same memory sweep hotly across Hurd Riley's arrogant face.

"Still smart, huh?"

"Smart enough," Joe said, "to know there's more behind this than a bunch of cows." He saw the new man turn his long face and look at Riley. Flatly, he finished, "Let's hear your proposition anyway."

"Get off this range. You claim to own land here. Get out your paper and sign it over to Bluebank. Pack your camp stuff, that's all, and ride tonight."

"And suppose I don't?"

"You ought to know the cure for rustlers—anywhere!"

On Riley's left a Bluebank man growled, "Too much blasted talk, Hurd. Let's drag him around awhile!" Both men on that side put away their guns and untied their ropes.

Joe's breath stopped. He'd known of men being dragged. . . . That was only a beginning. . . . He stood tensed. Then a dogged fury ran through him; a savage urge to fight clenched his hands. And when Riley snapped, "All right, what's the answer?" he gave it. "This! You can go to blazes!"

Instantly a rope slapped down onto him. He felt the loop burn, sliding around his neck. He caught it and threw it off. Then it was like a wolf pack leaping in when one had drawn first blood. Even the quick snarl of voices were animal sounds. He heard Riley's, "Get him!" A second loop whipped down. His thrashing arms blocked it. He whirled and made a dive for his bed roll and his gun. A third loop caught him when he had almost reached it, jerking tight around his middle. He spun, grabbed the rope and held against the squeezing knot. In that brief straining second, cold horror

gripped him. He fought not to be dragged down as a rider started to wheel. But the horses were too crowded. A man yelled, "I've got him . . . get away!"

Nothing was clear in the next violent rush. The man who had him rose suddenly on a rearing, squealing horse. The rope jerked. He saw the rider pulled off-balance, plunging out of sight. Another doubled in his saddle beneath the animal's lashing forehoofs. Then a hard yank threw him flat, and in his blurred vision the air was full of plunging horses and the choked-off curses of men.

He was being dragged. But he had his hand in the loop around him. He slipped the knot, hauling himself along the rope to slacken it, and felt the loop run past his legs. Behind him the campfire was scattered. As he sprang up and ran toward his bed roll, something white darted away from him into the edge of pines. And in the camp's melee, old Travis was flailing with a club.

His gun was where he had tossed it. He grabbed it up, shot once into the air and yelled.

Old Travis struck a final blow and jumped back. One man was lying motionless. Another was half rising onto his knees. Joe searched the darkness, hunting for someone else. Then he saw her. Hurd Riley was coming in afoot, his hands held up with Del behind him, her pitchfork at his back; and he knew then what had made those horses jump the way they had.

She brought Riley in; breathless, but her voice steady. "One got away, Joe. He dropped his gun."

"Never mind," he managed, his own breath short. "Travis, take the others' guns if they've still got any."

On the ground a man's lank shape rolled and sat up. His jaw dropped. He stared at Del, small and white in the dark, her pale hair loosened, a strange thing to come out of the turmoil here. "Say!" He turned his long face toward Hurd Riley. "You didn't tell me there'd be a woman left in this! I don't fancy that."

"Not his," Riley flared. "Never was."

"No? Well, if that's what your trouble centers around, you count me out of it. I ain't carryin' no fight against a woman! What was she scappin' for then?"

"I'll answer that," Joe said. He looked

at Riley, seeing how to ease the man's conceit. "You didn't know it, that's all."

The black eyes flicked across to him.

Joe nodded. "I've been trying to locate this girl for years." He saw Del's head made a quick turn to him, but he didn't look down. "So Riley," he said, "you've got no fight with me, or her. Not any. And you can go tell Bluebank that Joe Nelson up here is a good cowman. Here to stay! This land is mine and so're the cattle. Might be a few bum brands, but my bill of sale is straight. You tell him I'll be down tomorrow and make him a call. Go on now. I'll just keep your guns, though," he finished, "till we get acquainted better."

Only two horses were left. Hurd Riley climbed on behind one of his men, saying nothing; in a moment they were gone.

Joe drew a long breath, looking at Del and tall, gaunt Travis silently waiting in front of him, while the hoof sounds died.

Then the old man bent a little. "We came a-runnin' when we heard a shot. How'd it feel, son, to have a rope around your neck?"

Joe grinned. "First time I ever thought a pitchfork was any use! I don't think they'll be back," he said. "But maybe we'd better go up on the knoll where it's open. I want to talk."

"Not me." Travis wagged his gray head. He sat down on the bed roll. "I don't feel very strong."

"I'd sure like to see you then," Joe laughed, "when you get your strength back." He turned. "I'm going anyway."

Del walked beside him as he started up through the pines. He let his arms hang loosely, not touching her, and even when they had stopped on the wide, rounded knoll he kept them down.

His eyes still far off, he said, "What I wanted to talk about was a house. Right here. We wouldn't want it all of rock. Logs are warmer. We'd need rock fireplaces, though, and a rock-walled cellar." He paused, hoping she'd heard how he was using "we," and what it meant. "How would you like that?"

Her hand crept up along his straightened arm and gripped it; and in the immense silence around them her voice was hushed and small. "I'd love it. Right here. I'll make you a good wife, Joe."

Still he didn't touch her for a moment. It was hard to get used to this new knowledge, something he hadn't planned on, that he was going to have a wife. But it grew in him until, when he turned to her, it was as if he could trust the strong hunger of his arms. . . . "You will."

Her eager face came up to him. Joe held her close. Wyoming's great JN was begun.

CHINA today is one of the four great Allied Powers. Her leader is one of the four distinguished statesmen of the allied cause. The Chinese Army has earned the respect and even the admiration of all military circles. Chinese representatives shall have their place at the future peace table. China's First Lady, Madame Chiang, has been popularly accorded a pre-eminent place among the outstanding women of our age. China also has been conceded the place of moral and political leadership in the Far East. Yet, seven years ago, not even China's most ardent admirer nor her most enthusiastic supporter would have dared to predict these obvious and universally acknowledged present-day facts.

China has reached this unique position in world affairs neither by an overpowering military strength nor by reason of a victorious army. Quite the contrary! She has won but a few battles. She has been dispossessed of all her seaports and the best part of her industrial provinces. Hundreds of her cities and towns have been laid waste; fifty millions of her people have been rendered homeless and penniless. By all the standards of our modern western world, China, long ago, ought to have declared herself a defeated nation and one utterly unable to continue armed resistance. By every human reckoning she ought to have begged for terms of peace and suffered herself to be led into slavery as a province of imperial Japan.

That China exists today at all is a subject of legitimate wonder; that she stands as a great nation is undoubtedly one of the marvels of our age. Many factors have contributed to this astonishing phenomenon: China's overwhelming numerical superiority in population; the

China

Will

Not

Die

By

✦ CUTHBERT O'GARA, C.P.

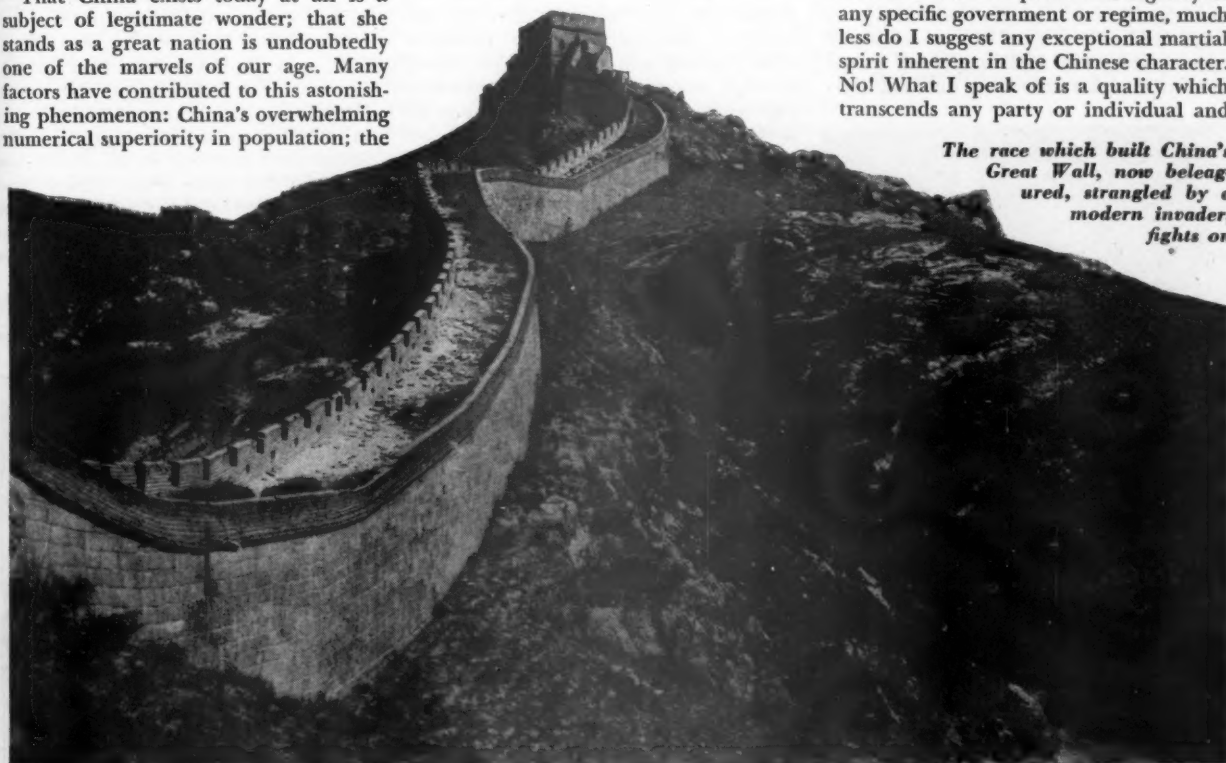
mountainous and productive terrain of her vast western provinces; the material assistance, financial and in armaments—lend-lease—received from her allies, and the moral backing of all free peoples; the sagacity and faith of her stalwart leader, the Generalissimo; and lastly, an inbred scorn for the arrogance of her diminutive Nipponese oppressors.

Yet all these factors would not of themselves have gained for China her present eminent position. The cause must be sought in something deeper, more personal, and more vitalizing than in those enumerated. The ultimate reason lies in that latent quality of the Chinese race which has sustained the motherland in all the millennia of her history, and which is now once more auspiciously manifesting itself in this, the greatest crisis of her history. It is her innate capacity to meet disaster, to sustain national suffering, and to survive and surmount every catastrophe.

The God of all nations gave to the Chinese people from the dawn of their national existence the unique gift of indomitability.

When I speak of the indomitability of China—her tenacity of purpose, her valor against odds, her fortitude in adversity—I am not referring to the extraordinary competence of any one faction or party, nor do I allude to any accidental adroitness or transient brilliancy of any one particular leader, nor do I intimate a superhuman sagacity of any specific government or regime, much less do I suggest any exceptional martial spirit inherent in the Chinese character. No! What I speak of is a quality which transcends any party or individual and

The race which built China's Great Wall, now beleaguered, strangled by a modern invader, fights on



which is lodged in the teeming masses of the Chinese nation. It is that remarkable, extraordinary, and invincible capacity for endurance which periodically in her history manifests itself and enables her people to overcome and survive the greatest natural calamities. No other nation can endure like China, no other nation can suffer like China, no other nation can sink to well nigh unfathomable depths of misery and hopelessness and then triumphantly rise again and gloriously live once more, like China.

This truth was simply but eloquently expressed to me not long ago during the most trying days of the present struggle by a venerable teacher. He said:

"The invader can lay waste our cities, pillage our countryside, ravish our womanhood, drain the life blood of our soldiers, demolish our schools, and yet he cannot touch, much less quench, the life spark of China's invincibility, for this sacred flame lives in the hearts of our people."

What picture, I ask you, did China present to the world at the turn of that fateful year 1937? A picture pathetic to the outsider—dismaying to the insider. Her eminent and most able leader, General Chiang Kai-Shek, hospitalized as a result of his recent kidnapping at the hands of his military and political rival, the young Marshal, Chang Hsueh-Liang. Communist armies, capably and ruthlessly led, on the loose and owing allegiance to no one. Provinces still held in the grip of rapacious war lords; lesser war lords exercising feudal baronial rights over wide districts. Out-

side the coastal cities and the main waterways and apart from a few thousand miles of railways and highways, China's communications were, limited to the junk, the sampan, the sedan chair, the pack mule, and the human carrier. Industrial plants were confined to the great seaports and to the lower half of the Yangtze River valley. Apart from the above-named areas, sanitation and hygiene were scarcely known. Epidemics—cholera, plague, smallpox, dysentery, malaria, typhoid—were rampant. Banditry was rife. Such was China at the beginning of 1937.

Here, surely, is a picture of a country approaching total disintegration—not the picture of a nation for whom the call to rebirth was already sounding.

This was the moment Japan chose to strike with all the power and might of her modern armament. By every human calculation, China should have gone down at the very first impact. Yet that first rifle shot heard at the Marco Polo bridge in the outskirts of Peking on the night of July 7, 1937, sounded a reveille and on that day somnolent, backward China aroused herself and took the first step in her laborious and spectacular climb to a place in the sun.

Today China presents to the world the picture of a country which, by force of circumstances, is, with patience and courage, despite errors and shortcomings, literally lifting itself by its own bootstraps. For the last twenty years I have lived in the western part of remote Hunan Province. To me, the history of the past seven years in China is an amazing achievement. I have lived through many stirring and momentous events—in fact was a part of some of them. I did not appreciate the full import of the forces at play until one day I awoke to the realization that a veritable miracle had transpired. I was living in a rejuvenated, pulsating, progressive, dynamic China.

Militarily, the history of the fighting in China has been for the Chinese

armies an almost uninterrupted list of defeats and retirements; a story of lost cities and surrendered railway lines and rivers. But the Chinese soldiers have nevertheless made for themselves a splendid record for high valor and patient endurance.

When we in the United States speak of armies, we think in terms of great divisions equipped with tanks and heavy guns, supported by limitless air armadas. But in China we speak of armies in terms of flesh and blood against fire and steel.

I have seen long lines of Chinese troops returning from the front lines, uniforms in tatters, shoeless and with blistered, bleeding feet, incredibly emaciated, carrying their wounded, their machine guns, their rifles and ammunition, trudging along mile after mile under a scorching semi-tropical sun. Daily I have seen hundreds of these battle-scarred soldiers enter our mission compounds in search of medical care, men in the last stages of exhaustion who did not need medicine so much as nourishing food. I have seen scores of these pitiable cases in our dispensaries, every one of them in need of hospitalization. The extent of the sufferings of these men and their contribution in physical pain and mental anguish to the cause of human freedom will never be known. Yet these men with almost their bare hands for little short of seven years have been holding *two million* Japanese in China who might have been unleashed upon us on other fronts.

The United States is now in a state of total war. It has given its sons and daughters in millions to the armed services; its battalions are to be found on more than a dozen fronts; other millions are engaged in an all-out war effort on the same front; across thousands of hearths the shadow of death has fallen and to countless families the news of a wounded loved one has been as a piercing sword of anguish.

And yet, when compared to our

"The awful plight of these war orphans, as I have seen them, cannot be described"



esteemed ally, China, we have not yet experienced anything of the full bitterness of war. Since the beginning of Japan's assault upon her, *fifty millions* of China's populace, men, women, and children, have fled their homes, their businesses, their farms, taking with them only what they were able to carry in their hands or in packs upon their backs. From the coastal provinces in the East these millions trekked their weary, agonized way across China to the comparatively safer and mountainous regions of the far west.

They traveled on foot, in crowded junks, in small, overladen sampans, by swaying litter and by jolting wheelbarrow. Children, the innocent, bewildered victims of war, were carried pick-a-back or dragged along by the hand. I have seen these refugees of war-torn China packed into open box cars like cattle, soaked by torrential rains, or burned by tropical sun. I have seen them worn out, hungry, dejected, all but despairing, sprawled on the floors of stations or on the wharves of rivers or along the public highways. I have seen them as they poured in upon us at our central city of Yüanling in their hundreds and in their thousands, begging food and lodging and medicines.

Among the hosts of refugees are to be counted the droves of war orphans. A special word in passing must be said of them. The number of these homeless, beggared children aggravated an already complicated situation and laid an added burden upon the shoulders of the sorely harassed Government. They streamed in, these pitiable waifs, from mission institutions evacuated before the oncoming labyrinths of the huge congested cities; they streamed in from the dwellings of the rich and from the hovels of the poor—now thrown together by the vicissitudes of war into one common, mammoth melting-pot. The awful plight of these war orphans, as I have seen them, cannot be described.

The roaming millions of adult sur-

vivors scattered themselves over the western provinces from the borders of Burma on the south to the confines of Kansu Province on the north. It was a phenomenon unforeseen and unprecedented—the greatest mass migration of people in the history of the human race.

This cataclysm put upon the Government of Free China a colossal burden at her most tragic moment. The Government did not shirk its duty but strove within the limits of its capacity to meet this unparalleled situation. And as I shall show later, the Government was ably and heroically assisted by the missions in its titanic task. To cope with this problem would have been an immense undertaking for any government in the world even in peace time. For a government fighting for its very existence, dispossessed of its major seaports, and driven from its capital, this tremendous shifting of population was very nearly mortal.

Think of this catastrophic upheaval! Peace-loving Chinese, more than one-third the population of the United States—more than four times as numerous as the population of Canada—more than the population of the British Isles—more than the total population of prewar France—almost equal to the entire population of prewar Germany, this horde of human beings uprooted and torn away from their ancestral homesteads, made exiles in their own land, and driven like herds of cattle across the plains of central China into the mountainous regions of the west. No other nation in the world could have undergone such an eruption and have survived it.

One phase of this gigantic migration must be especially touched upon. From the maelstrom of war China salvaged her universities, her colleges, and her high schools. No sacrifice was deemed too great to save her youth and the institutions of learning. *Sixty-two* universities and colleges pulled up stakes and transplanted themselves, taking profes-

sors, students, and such equipment and books as could be carried. These armies of professors and students walked 1500 and more miles, shunted from pillar to post for many months until they finally settled down in moldering, abandoned temples or in hurriedly thrown up buildings of bamboo, mud, and plaster.

High schools, likewise boys and girls with their teachers, set out en masse on a great adventure into the unknown, tramping almost unbelievable distances, setting at naught every hardship, buoyed up by the burning conviction that they were making a vital contribution to China's war effort and to her future cultural progress.

It is impossible for me to describe the profound impression made upon me as the first bands of these migrant students began to arrive in my mission district. Here was the flower of China's youth—tired, emaciated, bedraggled, many of them suffering from privation and fever, asking of us only rest and refreshment. Then after a few days in the mission these dauntless students would pick up their bundles and with spirits high resume their interminable journey on to their distant and longed-for goal.

For many of these young men and women, these boys and girls, hailing from the coastal region, it was their first journey into the interior, their first contact with the old traditional China—the primitive China which until the advent of the war had been practically untouched by westernization. I have traveled for days with these youths and have witnessed their reactions to every new and trying experience, and I thought of myself when I made my first

"We opened two hospitals for bombing victims" Right: China's First Lady



journey into the interior some twenty years before.

Free China is now dotted with these high schools, located in secluded places free from enemy bombs, occupying dilapidated temples, forsaken, ramshackle public buildings, or in thatched-covered farm huts. These young students, brimful of life, have inoculated Free China with their high idealism. With their buoyant spirit of sacrifice they have added a new zest to the flame of patriotism burning in the new China. And they in turn are being strengthened by the immemorial patience and unspoiled frugality of the inland and mountain peasant. These students, as I know them, are alive, intelligent, gay, and of course intensely patriotic. The chapter which they are writing in the history of their native land, though they are quite unconscious of it, is another manifestation of the tenacity, valor, and fortitude—the indomitability—which has come down to them through an endless line of Chinese forebears.

The industrial life of prewar China was located in her principal seaports or in a few cities in the valley of the Yangtze River. One by one these places were occupied by the Japanese. The great industrial plants then became as so many arsenals to be used against the very people who had built them. One would have thought in those days during 1938 that the industrial life of China must have expired. Indeed, some of us were convinced that it had.

But to the Chinese, industrialization was more than a watchword to catch up with the modern world—it became a matter of life and death. And just as the homesteader in his millions and the students in their tens of thousands, had migrated to western China, so too the industrialist, the technician, and the mechanic followed in the wake of their fellow sufferers and transplanted themselves and their industries to the banks of the swift-flowing, rapid-ridden moun-

tain streams of an almost unexplored interior.

These plants and factories were not indeed transported lock, stock, and barrel like the famed night club in *Father Malachy's Miracle*. No! But as far as time and opportunity permitted they were dismantled. Great pieces of machinery were broken down into parts small enough for human shoulders to bear, or, in the case of undismantable turbines and drive-shafts, for instance, were lashed to trees and hauled or dragged or pushed over the roads and up the rivers and across mountain ranges. Every inch of this way across China was sprinkled with human sweat, consecrated with the blood of coolies, and made sacred by the graves of innumerable toiling human beings who died from sheer exhaustion in this stupendous outpouring of physical effort. It seems to me fitting that a noble monument should be built and a flame kept perpetually burning in hallowed memory of China's unknown, unsung coolie!

Much has been written in the foreign press of China's so-called lifelines. At the outbreak of the war in July 1937, the Lung-hai Railway was considered China's all-important lifeline; then it was the Canton-Hankow Railway; then the railroad from French Indo-China to Kungming; finally the world famous Burma Road. In the course of fighting every one of these supposed lifelines was cut and rendered useless. Yet Free China continued to live, and not only to live, but to wax stronger. Therefore the assumption that these transportation routes were indispensable to the life of China was obviously in error. They were lifelines, it is true, but less for China than for the nations wishing to maintain access to her.

Like other difficulties occasioned by the war, the cutting of her ties with the outside world even benefited Free China. This abrupt severance of communication provided a powerful incentive to develop to the utmost all her latent

natural resources as speedily as possible.

Since the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese war over eight thousand miles of new highways have been completed in Free China and many miles improved. At the present time highways total about fifty-two thousand miles and on them ply some thirty thousand trucks. These highways have been literally scratched and gouged by hand out of the mountainsides by tens of thousands of toiling laborers.

"One drop of gasoline means one drop of blood." This Government exhortation has given impetus to the extension of navigation in every possible way. The rivers, streams, and lakes of Free China are alive with junks, sampans, and rafts, pulled or poled or rowed by human brawn. This same slogan, "One drop of gasoline means one drop of blood," has brought still greater emphasis upon the use of the camel, the pack-horse and the pack-mule, and always and in every place, the jogging, grunting, stoop-shouldered, bare-torsoed, burden-carrying coolie.

Truck, boat, and coolie now transport each year a tonnage far in excess of what previously passed over the lost Burma Road and the Northwestern Highways. China, isolated, beleaguered, strangled by the invader, carries on, propelled by that invincible racial determination to keep alive.

The distinguished Jesuit scholar and author, Doctor Thomas Ryan of Hong Kong, analyzes well for us this remarkable spirit of the Chinese. To quote:

"The fact that China's civilization and culture have persisted from distant ages down to our own day is proof that there is in the Chinese character something which other nations lacked. The particular quality seems in reality a two-fold one: first, a grasp of essentials which is almost an instinct, and, secondly, a calm tenacity of purpose which is patience in its most valuable form. They seem to be two aspects of the same

"Every inch of this way was sprinkled with human sweat, consecrated by the blood of coolies, and made sacred"



quality rather than separate powers, and it is a quality that renders its possessor practically unconquerable.

As a Bishop of the Catholic Church, I govern an extensive mission territory in Free China. What I have said concerning the indomitability of the Chinese would indeed be incomplete were I to omit to say a word on the part which the missionaries of the Catholic Church are today playing in China. From the thirteenth century missionaries of the Catholic Church have been in China and until early in the nineteenth century what the outside world knew of China came almost exclusively from the writings of Catholic missionaries. Thus the Church has been a part of China for the last six hundred years. Today the missionary has penetrated to the remotest village and hamlet.

The predominant, outstanding feature of the work of the Catholic Church during the past seven years has been its active participation in war relief. The fact that there are approximately 6000 Catholic missionaries scattered in 138 ecclesiastical divisions or dioceses with a network of no less than 33,000 mission stations bespeaks the universality of relief work in war-torn China.

The war was not long under way when the great movement of refugees began. In 1931 at Hankow I witnessed the terrible Yangtze flood, and watched the muddy waters as they spread relentlessly over the countryside for endless miles and rose inch by inch until large substantial houses were completely submerged. I saw men and beasts fleeing from before the oncoming water. How like that flood was the Japanese invasion which began along the eastern seacoast, and pushed its way slowly and inevitably more than half way across the country.

Like a tidal wave this invasion drove millions of homeless and destitute before it. Immediately an instruction went out from the Pope's representative in

China, Archbishop Zanin, the Apostolic Delegate, to all the dioceses and to all the missionaries in China, bidding them put all their resources to the utmost limit at the disposal of the suffering people. Houses and mission grounds were to be thrown open to them. And if necessary even the churches were to be used to shelter them.

This exhortation was hardly necessary, because spontaneously every mission gate in the line of march of the refugees swung open to receive them. As the war went on and the zones of destruction expanded and the dispersal of threatened populations became more widespread, the mission stations in one diocese after another became organized to receive refugees, to care for the sick and the wounded, to provide for the destitute and give a home to the orphan. From the coastal areas the waves of refugees rolled over province after province, reaching even unto the borders of Tibet.

My own diocese was no exception. The refugees poured in upon us in a steady stream. We opened ten refugee camps, housed and fed daily over a period of three years 2200 refugees. Two hospitals were opened for the relief of the refugees and for the care of bombing victims. One hospital was subsequently totally destroyed during a heavy bombing. Our orphanages for boys and girls were enlarged. We estimate that the number of refugees who passed through our missions and who received our permanent or temporary help amounted to 90,000. This is the war effort of only one of the 138 Catholic mission dioceses in China.

The war brought its staggering problems to the Chinese nation; the war brought its equally staggering problems to the Church in China. The missionaries met these problems and solved them in a manner worthy of the best traditions of the age-old, invincible Catholic Church.

The First Lady of China, Madame

Chiang, pays this tribute to the wartime services of Catholic missionaries:

"China with a population equal in number to the members of the Catholic Church, has been fighting a war of resistance against Japanese aggression.

"To the 400,000,000 Catholics scattered throughout the world, therefore, it must be a vital concern how your missionaries in China are meeting this challenge under the rough frown of war.

"No account of China's resistance is complete unless it records the worthy part your missionaries have played whether at the front, in the rear, in Free China, or in Japanese occupied areas. They have not accepted the facile passivity of inaction. On the contrary they have hurled themselves unsparringly and with consecrated zeal into the task of alleviating pain and misery."

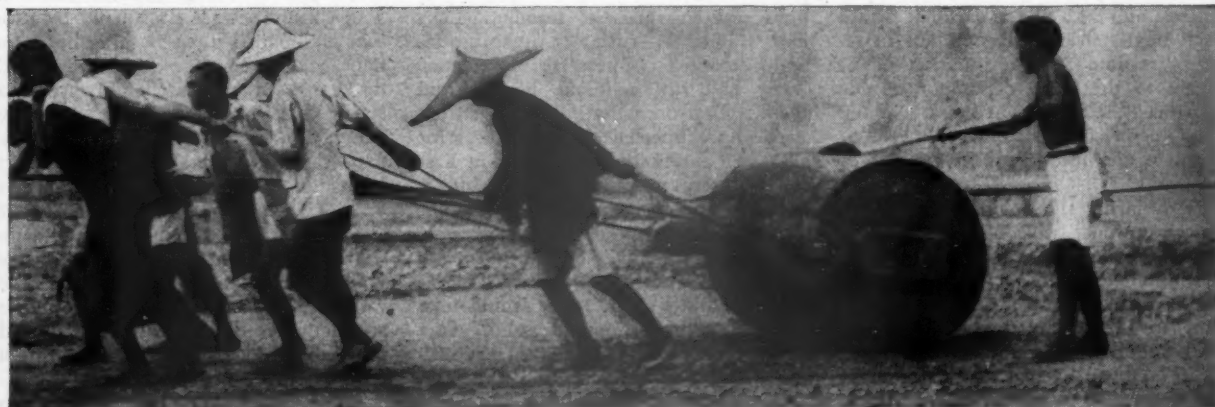
Courage, intrepidity, self-devotion, charity toward afflicted humanity, even unto martyrdom, in the face of tremendous odds, are the qualities which Madame Chiang finds in the present-day Catholic Missionary in China.

The Generalissimo, Chiang Kai-shek, addressing his student officers, said:

"Today I propose to speak to you on the model for your lives as officers of the Republic. That model is the Catholic missionary priest as found in China. These priests are single-hearted, constant, persevering, undaunted by any obstacles, unremitting at their work."

The Generalissimo has seen what our leaders in the West have refused to see. A star has appeared in the East. "I am the Light of the World," says Christ. The indomitability of the Chinese Race, that spiritual intangible something which seems destined to abide with them to the end—this indomitability reanimated, sustained, fortified by that invincible spirit of the missionaries which is born in them of the gift of immortality promised by Christ to His visible Church is the positive guarantee of that predominant place China shall hold in the family of nations in the years to come.

by the graves of innumerable toiling human beings who died from sheer exhaustion in this stupendous physical effort"



Three Lions



Atlantic Charter on Trial

The outcome of the Polish-Russian dispute will be either a victory for moral right or a proof that appeasement is not dead

By FRANCIS STUART CAMPBELL

WE RARELY find issues under debate in which justice, equity, and morality stand exclusively on the side of one of the contestants, while all arguments of his opponent are spurious, invalid, or specious. Even in the *cause célèbre* of Alsace-Lorraine much could be said in favor of the less popular postulant. Yet in the struggle between Poland and the USSR over the eastern half of the former country, the issue is fairly one between white and black. This is the reason why disregard of the principles of justice and morality would be a world-wide catastrophe. The moral bankruptcy of the Axis powers would then be followed by an almost total loss of Allied prestige. Poland which defied—and quite justly—Hitler's demand for a plebiscite in 8 per cent of its territory would then emerge as a "victorious power" with the loss of 50 per cent of its area to a cobelligerent who already controls one-sixth of the earth. It would teach small nations a lesson not to resist aggression. Such a situation might appeal to the sense of humor of our "advanced" elements in Park Avenue and Greenwich Village. It will lead to complete disillusionment in the rest of the world.

By declaring the Soviet claims to be entirely unjust, we do not insinuate that the treatment Poland accorded to her minorities was always beyond reproach. The old Polish Commonwealth, prior to the ill-famed partitions, was the most liberal country in Europe. Polish noblemen like Kosciuszko and Pulaski hurried to the defense of Amer-

ican liberties at a time when even their own country was menaced by greedy neighbors. Jews found an asylum and protection. Poles, Lithuanians, White-Ruthenians, and Ukrainians lived peacefully together in the "Royal Republic." Racial discrimination was unknown.

During the period of political non-existence the Polish language became the uniting bond, and when Poland arose from enslavement at the end of the last war the accent still remained on language rather than on citizenship. Denationalizing tendencies were the result and it can be said that the Polish policy toward minorities was marked by a certain lack of sincerity, by clumsiness and occasional brutalities. In this the Poles followed the pattern of most other European states. But the negative side of Polish minority policies should not be exaggerated. The minorities had legal parties. They had schools, although perhaps not in sufficient number. They had numerous cultural organizations and successful co-operative movements. They had full religious liberty, and there were even many Poles who enthusiastically supported their demands for a greater autonomy. Conditions in East Poland were not always ideal, but it was not another South Tirol, another Macedonia, or another Dobruja.

These shortcomings of the Polish administration cannot be made a legal basis for annexation. If we would take the treatment of minorities as an excuse for annexation, Liberia should have invaded our own South a long time ago.

Eastern Poland was not inhabited

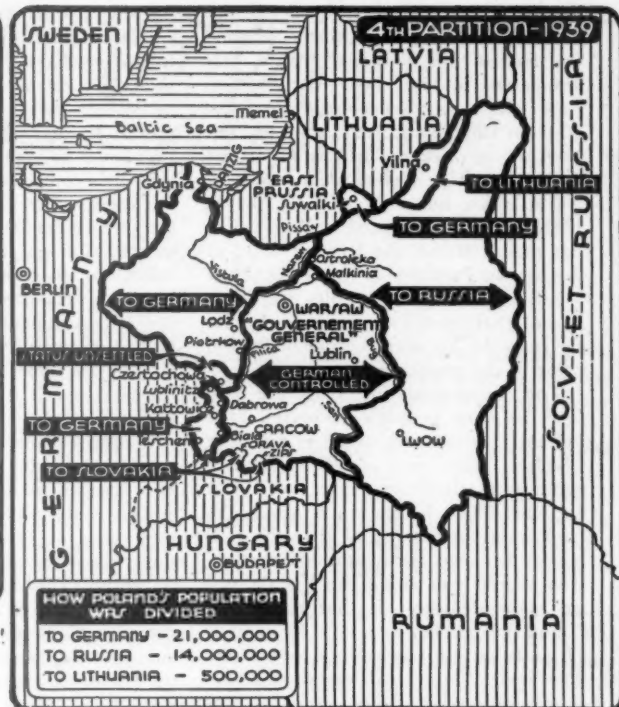
only by members of minorities. Of the population east of the Hitler-Stalin line, 39.9 per cent used Polish as their mother language. The Ukrainians formed a group almost as large. The rest consisted of White Ruthenians, Jews, and Lithuanians. The Poles thus formed a relative majority in that area. The peasantry belonged mostly to the minorities, but the middle and upper classes were in vast majority Polish. If we make a list of Poles well known the world over, we would find that the majority of them were born east of the Stalin-Hitler or the Curzon Line.

The Ukrainians and White Ruthenians (often loosely called "White Russians") have the choice of living either as a minority in Poland or as a minority in Russia. They are neither Russians nor Poles, but it must be said that the western dialects of these two languages are nearer to Polish than to Russian. The Ukrainians are considered by Russian nationalists to be nothing but Russians, yet they resent this attitude and developed in the last eighty years a strong sentiment of ethnic independence. In character, outlook, and customs the Ukrainians are quite distinct from the Russians. The Central and West Ukrainians (some of the latter also call themselves Ruthenians or Rusinians) lived for a long time in the Polish-Lithuanian Commonwealth. The vast majority of the West Ukrainians are Catholics of the Eastern Rite and thus subject to Rome, not to Byzantium or Moscow.

The White Ruthenians are an "inter-



Above: Poland from the Treaty of Riga (1921) until the 1939 Partition. The territory east of the Curson Line is shown to correspond with the territory allotted Russia in 1939, as shown on the map at the right



mediary" nation between the Russians and the Poles. But both West Ukrainians and White Ruthenians have a Polish upper layer and to a certain extent Polish, not Russian, culture, which is after all not surprising, because they belonged to the Polish Commonwealth from the fourteenth century until the end of the eighteenth.

The White Ruthenians, it must be borne in mind, have in spite of their great historical past but little national consciousness in their lower social layers. The small peasant, asked about his ethnic status, frequently replies that he is a "man-from-here" (*tutejszy*). Such vagueness would be unknown among the Uniat Ukrainians from Galicia, who interestingly enough are more nationalistic than their schismatic brethren in Volhynia.

Whether an individual person is truly Ukrainian, White Ruthenian, Polish, or Lithuanian is hardly a matter of blood or even of language. The venerable Catholic Archbishop and Cardinal of the Eastern Rite, Count Szeptycki, who considers himself a Ukrainian, had a brother a general in the Polish Army who thought of himself as a Pole in the ethnic sense. There are and were Counts Tyszkiewicz who figured as Poles, Ukrainians, and Lithuanians. (The family is originally Lithuanian.) It is thus evident that it is impossible to draw a true dividing line between the various nationalities of the former Polish Commonwealth either in the geographical or in the sociological sense.

In order to understand the various historical, proposed, and hypothetical border lines, it is necessary to review past Polish history. Poland and Lithuania formed a dual state like Austria-Hungary at the end of the fourteenth century under a Lithuanian dynasty (the Jogaila-Jagiello) and became an even more uniform state in 1569. It was then the largest country in Europe. It lost some of its outposts in the seventeenth century. But the series of tragedies started at the end of the eighteenth century with the famous, or rather infamous, Polish partitions inaugurated by Russia and Prussia, then aggressive absolute monarchies of a military pattern. The Berlin-Moscow Axis of that day, taking advantage of Poland's inner weakness due to the excessive freedom of its political institutions, proceeded to carve up Poland with the half-hearted help of Austria. These partitions took place in 1772, 1793, and 1795.

After the last war when Poland was reconstituted, first with help of the Central Powers and then of the Allies, she demanded her historic borders. But the rather foolish and destructive tendency of our time, i.e., to shape states with ethnic borders, was opposed to this demand. Moreover, there is no such thing as an ethnic border anywhere east of Germany. Poland's eastern border was an unsettled matter: fighting between the Poles and the Red Army had started as early as February 2, 1919. The Allied and Associated Powers convening in Paris decided finally to give to the Po-

lish people a sense of security by establishing on December 8 of that year a line which marked off an area which would be Polish under all conditions. It was also clearly stated—we quote the last lines of the note verbatim—that "Polish claims east of that line are expressly reserved." This line was never intended to become a border, and the French as well as the American delegates wanted to put this demarcation line a great deal further to the east.

Even the Russians had then no desire to claim this demarcation line. The Council of People's Commissars had abrogated in a decree (No. 698) issued in Moscow on August 29, 1918, all previous laws concerning the three partitions of Poland. The demarcation line which is claimed today by the Soviets runs just west of the final Russian share in the spoils and thus would leave the Soviet Union in possession of the whole original loot.

On January 28, 1920, the Council of People's Commissars of the RSFSR (Russian Socialist Federal Soviet Republic) offered to the Polish Government a border roughly one hundred miles east of the Riga border as established a year later. This would have given Poland half of the Russian spoil of the Second Partition. Poland, unfortunately, continued to fight in support of the Ukrainian Anti-Communists under Petlyura. Pilsudski occupied Kiev, but the Red Army advanced over a northern route toward Warsaw, and complete defeat was almost imminent. It was at the

height of this crisis that Lord Curzon, then British Foreign Minister, warned the Soviets not to come within fifty kilometers of the Paris Demarcation Line which was henceforth called the "Curzon Line." The Red Army did not heed the warning and advanced. It met with a crushing defeat and retreated. Negotiations followed, and in March, 1921, a treaty was signed in Riga which left practically all the Russian share of the Second Partition to the USSR. Over a million and a half Poles were left east of that border. It was indeed a far cry from the historical border of Poland prior to the partitions.

The happenings of 1939 are still fresh in most people's memories. It is too early to say with absolute certainty whether there was a Russo-German agreement stipulating that the USSR and the Third Reich would attack Poland simultaneously, and that the new border between both totalitarian countries should run along the Vistula. All we know definitely is that the Soviet Union delayed her attack till September 17, and that military actions took place. The Soviet Union had waged an undeclared war against Poland, and this was publicly admitted by Molotov in his report to the Fifth Extraordinary Session of the Supreme Soviet on October 31, 1939. The Soviet Union then proceeded to deport not only the Poles from that area but also the leaders of the Ukrainian and White Russian non-Communist parties. Nationalists and Socialists met an identical fate. A mock election took place early in 1940 which "proved" that 97 per cent of the population desired Soviet rule!

One million, six hundred thousand people were deported into the interior of the USSR. Of these, 230,000 were prisoners of war, 144,000 were able to leave for Western countries via Persia, a few hundred thousands were located, but over 900,000 people are unaccounted for. They may or may not be alive.

The territories in question were occupied in June and July, 1941, by the German Army and have been under the Nazi yoke since. It is interesting to note that Eastern Galicia had been allocated to the "Government General" (i.e., Rump Poland). The Hitler-Stalin line

has thus lost its status in the eyes of the German administration. The Soviets themselves have given up the claim for the border established on the basis of an agreement with a rather unpopular power. By demanding the Curzon Line they hope to invoke the memory of the late ultra-conservative Viceroy of India, but the so-called Curzon Line is nothing but the Hitler-Stalin line with a small modification on its northern end. It is ridiculous to treat this new "offer" as a tentative "compromise agreement." No Polish government can agree to give up half of its territory and to leave its own citizens to their fate by signing away the land which it is bound to preserve and to defend.

Frequently the expediency of an impartial plebiscite has been mentioned as a solution of this issue. To this the Soviets would hardly consent, because they could never accept a showdown of their ideology on their very borders. As Anne O'Hare McCormick has correctly observed in the *New York Times*, the mass flight of the Bessarabian peasants into the interior of Rumania since the USSR has claimed their country constitutes a "voluntary plebiscite." For the Poles it would be a considerable humiliation to have their sovereignty questioned.

Still there would be little doubt as to the outcome of such a plebiscite under the control of Western powers and neutrals. Not only would all Poles vote for Poland but also all non-Poles who have a material or spiritual stake in an Occidental way of life. The upper and property-owning middle classes, the intellectuals and priests, the Catholics and the peasants, the Orthodox Jews and all those who would have no place in the Soviet system (lawyers, brokers, house owners, real-estate agents, etc.) would vote against incorporation into the USSR. This would leave a few workers and a few shifting agrarian laborers as potential pro-Soviet voters. (The organized Socialists are—mainly after the Alter and Ehrlich case—staunchly anti-Communist.)

The incorporation of Eastern Poland into the Soviet Union would be a tragedy much worse than Munich. The Sudeten Germans at least voted in free

elections for the Nazi Party (the "S. P. D."), while Communist votes in Eastern Poland never were very numerous. The fact that Ukrainians and White Ruthenians are akin to the Russians (but also to the Poles) creates no "right" for incorporation. If such a right were to exist, the Germans could claim Northern and Central Switzerland, Luxemburg, and Alsace without consulting the inhabitants. It would be indeed difficult for the numerous enthusiasts of the Curzon Line in our midst to insist on Russia's "right" to incorporate its remotely related kin in East Poland and at the same time to demand the cancellation of Munich, the liberation of Luxemburg, and the return of Alsace.

The proposal to give to the Soviet Union East Poland and to give to Poland East Germany is so immoral and contrary to all principles of the Atlantic Charter that it need not be discussed in a Catholic periodical. It probably would prevent peace between Germany and Poland for all future times, a situation pleasing to Russia with its recrudescing Pan-Slavist tendencies, but against the interests of a Christian Europe.

East Poland in Soviet hands means the very end of the idealism of the Atlantic Charter and the end of Allied prestige. It would be the total negation of the democratic principle of self-determination. It would thoroughly undermine the confidence of the Continental European nations in the Anglo-Saxon powers and their professed ideals.

And then there is also the religious aspect; East Poland is overwhelmingly Catholic, and, although the Eastern Schism has a chance to become the recognized state religion in the USSR, impartial observers like the Greek-Orthodox Professor Timasheff or the Protestant Dr. Keller hold out little hope for the Catholic Church.

The bad conscience of many Americans and British prompts them today to extol the Curzon Line and willfully to distort its character. Others, following the line of Lloyd George and Hitler, repeat their lies about an "aristocratic oppression" of the common man in the Polish Republic. The USSR takes full advantage of these attitudes, pushing its claims for East Poland in an effort to secure a common border with its ally, Czechoslovakia, and to obtain thus a dominating position in Europe.

The new hymn of the Soviet Union is not a hypocritical adaptation; from internationalism and Communism the USSR is drifting slowly to national socialism. Such a shift may reassure the City and Wall Street, it does not set Europe at rest. What Europe fears is that appeasement is not dead, but that it has merely changed the object.

Background of War

► After the last war the same anticlericalism that kept the Pope from the Peace Conference presided over the portioning of the world. And blundered.

There was a moment when it hung by a thread whether Bavaria should not be joined with Austria to form a Danube State. But Clemenceau cried, "What! Another Catholic State in Europe? No, thank you! Poland is quite enough!" And Prussia gained the prize.

—Hilaire Belloc

Woman to Woman

by Katherine Burton

Short-story Wife

IT HAS ALWAYS been my firm contention that the women who do the greatest job in the world are those who bring up a family with no help but their own two hands, who wash and iron and cook and fix up bumps and watch music practicing and do the mending in moments considered spare time. I think too that these women go unappreciated often because they work in the hiddenness of the home.

But sometimes even with such women appreciation is laid on too thickly, and then what was beautiful sentiment becomes silly sentimentality. I found this sort of praise in a short story the other day—one written by a woman, too, who should have known better. It was a charmingly done tale of a mother with four children, three of them school boys and one a baby. She had a fine home and a devoted husband, and this story chronicles one of her days—just one, and the reader is given to understand that it was but an average day. It took her through three meals, through the cleaning up of the house, through acting as confidant and adviser to the boys, caring for the baby, and helping out at a church social.

Twenty-two Shirts

AFTER DINNER she washed the dishes while one of the boys dried them—and why two of the boys couldn't have done the whole job alone is more than I could see. In fact, this was the one place in the story where anyone at all gave her a helping hand. And after that, believe it or not, she got out the ironing board and, while her husband sat down comfortably near her and read her interesting bits from the news, she ironed twenty-two shirts!

Now really—I have ironed shirts in my day and I am sure that even if some of them were plain little boys' shirts they would take on an average of ten to fifteen minutes each. In fact, only last week a page in a magazine showed with photographs just how to iron a shirt, and the directions were those of an expert laundryman. He allowed from fifteen to twenty minutes for each shirt. So twenty-two shirts, if one is very generous with the calculations, would take a little over four hours to do, and that by a woman who had been busy since dawn. It seems to me her husband's voice must have been rather frayed too when she finally finished.

Among other things he had been reading to her about the accomplishments of various women, what they were doing for their country in these days of the stress of war, and when she had finished the twenty-two shirts she said rather sadly that she wished she could do something for her country too, but she could not spare the time. Her husband, realizing that she was doing more than some of them in making a home and raising four strong, healthy Americans, felt a love for her even deeper than his usual affection because of her utter lack of thinking about herself at all.

I found myself hoping that in uttering her wish she was being sarcastic, but I knew it was a vain hope. She really meant it, and it was obvious the author of the story thought her as wonderful as her husband did. And, of course, I think

she was wonderful, too, but I think she must have been a sort of composite woman, a kind of working ideal, for no one woman could be an entire laundry like that in addition to being everything else, from song bird to cook, and everything between.

Then, too, she was on the way to raising a very selfish family as well as a healthy one. All any of them did for her—I believe she even set up her own ironing board—was to dry the dinner dishes and read from the paper. There is, of course, a point where unselfishness becomes somewhat moronic, and I am afraid the author allowed her heroine to be touched with that quality.

A story like this defeats the purpose for which it was written, and so not only loses the point it is trying to make, but even worse, if women who read it take it seriously, as some sweet souls might, it will make them feel they are full of shortcomings. And worst of all, if a man reads it, he might get to wondering why his own special wife can't go gaily through a day's work and then as gaily iron twenty-two shirts as a postscript to her evening.

As a matter of fact, no clear-eyed observer could be affected by such a tale, and such exaggeration is merely silly. The average wife and mother who does her own housework and cares for a houseful of little children certainly deserves service stripes and assorted medals. Just as much are they deserved by the mother who has to go to work to support her family and keep a house going besides. At the present time, when so many women are working so very hard, women such as these point up very forcibly a third type—the non-worker, nonhousekeeper, non-anything but the pursuit of pleasure.

Compulsory Service

THEY ARE MOSTLY young, these idlers, women with absolutely nothing to do and doing that very busily. And considering them makes one feel that perhaps compulsory service for such as these might have its good points. After all, the gilded youth of the land has been marched off to the camps right along with the ungilded youth. Why should not the sisters of the gilded youth be obliged to give their time too to their country—girls who spend their mornings in bed, their afternoons at cafés, their evenings at night clubs, with all this carefully chronicled by society reporters. They are a strong, healthy crowd, too, what with plenty of swimming and tennis and riding.

Sometimes I wish that after the war, instead of this compulsory service training for our boys which is already being considered, all our boys and all our girls would be required to give a year's service to their government—not a training for war, but a training in citizenship, in the true kind of democracy. They could work on the land, in government offices, in hospitals, unpaid save for their clothing, food, and shelter. Perhaps then this country would become more of a reality to such young people, something they themselves helped build, a place where each had his and her own share in making life more abundant for all.



Above: Zasu Pitts is the helpful ally of the young lovers of "Ramshackle Inn," Mary Barthelmess and William Blees. Right: Eva Le Gallienne, Joseph Schildkraut, and A. G. Andrews play leading parts in the latest revival of Chekov's "The Cherry Orchard"

Stage and Screen

By JERRY COTTER

Melodramatic Farce

Zasu Pitts, supreme among the funny ladies of the motion picture screen, keeps the proceedings in an almost continual uproar as she roams her way through the farcical intricacies of RAMSHACKLE INN. Though the affair is often preposterous and frequently gossamer in its plot manipulations, the celebrated Pittsian vagueness and fluttery mannerisms do create many moments of high, wholesome comedy.

The play in which she is making her Broadway debut is a mystery farce, propertied with all the usual appurtenances, flashing lights, sliding panels, a corpse or two, and some villainous rum runners. Minus any startling originality, it is almost always amusing and clean as a whistle. The entire family can see it and will probably enjoy the fun from curtain to curtain.

Chekov and Webster

Principal appeal in the latest revival of Anton Chekov's THE CHERRY ORCHARD is for those students of the drama who revel in unusually fine acting and brilliant direction.

Margaret Webster, who is rapidly becoming the theater's outstanding director of the classics, has evolved a lucid, semi-comic interpretation of the Russian play. Less in the lugubrious vein than other presentations of Chekov's tragi-comic theme, the success of this revival may be shared by the director and the star, Eva Le Gallienne, who is ever assured in her interpretation and is capable of fulfilling the role's most arduous demands. Her artful capture of the characters every nuance marks the portrayal as one of the season's acting highlights. Combined with the meticulous and skillful con-



tribution of Miss Webster, it forms an unusually attractive bit of stage magic.

Joseph Schildkraut manages to be intelligently restrained in a role that might easily degenerate into a flamboyant caricature. Rex O'Malley, Stefan Schnabel, Katherine Emery, Lois Hall, and A. G. Andrews offer carefully modulated performances in this brilliant dramaturgic offering, fashioned for the adult drama patron.

Other New Plays

SUDS IN YOUR EYE is a rollicking, raucous, slapstick affair about three middle-aged women who spend their days getting pleasantly glowy over innumerable glasses of beer. There isn't much more to the play than that. As a character sketch it is passably amusing for the imbibing trio do supply the audience with a few genuinely hilarious moments. However, the production exhibits rather poor taste in general, particularly in its more roistering phases. Jane Darwell, Brenda Forbes, and Kasia Orzazewski handle their alcoholic assignments with ease and gay good humor but the net result is not sufficient to classify this adaptation of Mary Lasswell's book as more than a minor attraction.

The undeniable good features of the musical comedy JACKPOT cannot survive the onslaught of an inferior score, a plot that is puerile and flimsy despite its topical theme and

the extremely questionable taste exhibited in the comedy interludes. Allan Jones, Jerry Lester, Benny Baker, Nanette Fabray, and all the players involved are capable, but not sparkling enough to inject more than a few passing moments of gaiety. *Jackpot* is second-choice material.

An ambitious attempt to shine as star and playwright is made by Ruth Gordon in a smart-paced, modern comedy entitled *OVER TWENTY-ONE*. Her niche as an actress of unusual ability has long been secure, and in this endeavor she exhibits more than a minimum knowledge of the mechanics of writing a successful play.

There is wit in the script, a biting, cynical brand that might prove quite effective in a more solidly developed satire. As now constructed, enjoyment of the performance is dependent more on the talents of Ruth Gordon the actress than on her playbuilding ability. Her theme—based on an idea that those "over 21" cannot absorb knowledge—is developed at a fairly swift pace, but it is in the decorations rather than the structure itself that we find the brighter portions. It cannot be recommended entirely without reservation due to the author's occasional enthusiasm for what passes as "modern idealism."

Film Artistry

Alfred Hitchcock's penchant for creating screen interest through the device of pyramiding suspense is given unlimited play in *LIFEBOAT*, a taut, exciting melodramatic study of castaways at sea. Based on a story by John Steinbeck, it is an artistic accomplishment, despite a strange analogy in theme that has already been pounced on in certain quarters as a pro-Fascist tendency.

The story tells of eight survivors of a torpedoed ship, adrift for days in a lifeboat. A Nazi, commander of the U-boat responsible for the ship's destruction, has also found his way aboard. Of the entire group, which includes a cross-section of every social stratum, he is the only one with a plan for survival; the others are confused, argumentative, and disunited. The symbolism is clear as they follow the Nazi's directions because they are momentarily incapable of solving their dilemma. They drift and obey his dictums listlessly until his crafty brutality becomes plainly evident. Then they unite and toss him overboard.

The point of the drama is obvious, but many so-called liberals profess to see in it an attempt to admit the superiority of the ruthless Nazi efficiency. Which seems ridiculous in the face of factual evidence. The swastika is over Europe because the democratic nations were confused in the face of a German plan. No amount of wishful thinking can ever erase that phase of world history. To point out the cold, cruel efficiency of all totalitarianism, be it Fascist or Communist, is certainly not to sympathize with it. If we must have propaganda movies, let us have them in the form of potent warnings against the dangers of planned efficiency, be it of the foreign or domestic variety.

Tallulah Bankhead is brilliantly brittle as a mink-coated survivor, who faces reality on the open sea. Her splendid work is matched by Walter Slezak, as the Nazi, William Bendix, Henry Hull, Mary Anderson, John Hodiak, Heather Angel, Hume Cronyn, and Canada Lee. There is a plentiful supply of provocative material in *Lifeboat* and suspenseful entertainment for adults as well. (20th Century-Fox).

Gold Star Family

Deserved screen tribute is made to one of the country's outstanding war families in *THE SULLIVANS*, dedicated to the memory of the five brothers who lost their lives in the sinking of the cruiser *Juneau*.

The film focuses principally on the story of their lives before they enlisted in the Navy and were assigned to the same

ship. Not a war plot in the accepted sense, it is rather a study of the average American family, emphasizing the strong bond between the five boys. Its power stems from a very lack of spectacular dramatic display or lurid battle shots, but is garnered instead through sympathetic writing and direction and an understanding group performance.

Anne Baxter, Thomas Mitchell, Selena Royle, Trudy Marshall, and Ward Bond are among the principals, with five new actors, Eddie Ryan, John Campbell, James Cardwell, John Alvin, and George Offerman, appearing as the Sullivan heroes. They are all expert delineators of a very human and completely acceptable comedy-drama. (20th Century-Fox).

Reviews in Brief

The problems of wartime shortages, black market operations, and bureaucratic red tape are given a contrastingly different treatment in *RATIONING* with Wallace Beery and Marjorie Main. However, neither the slapstick presentation nor the timeliness of the topic sufficiently compensates for the tepid feebleness of the plot and uninspired direction. Youngsters may find some humor in the Beery-Main feuding, but the average adult audience will not be overly amused either at their caperings or their vehicle. (MGM).

Several exciting melodramatic moments are provided in *PHANTOM LADY*, an excellently devised suspense story that only rarely falters in its unreeling. Efforts to prove the innocence of a convicted murderer do not make for startling originality, but as handled in this instance the result is an intelligent and engrossing mystery yarn. Franchot Tone, Alan Curtis, and Ella Raines handle the principal assignments with competence under the able direction of Joan Harrison, a former assistant to Alfred Hitchcock. This is recommended for adults. (Universal).



Tallulah Bankhead and John Hodiak appear in "*Lifeboat*," based on John Steinbeck's study of castaways at sea

Cramped living conditions in Washington is the rather tired theme that supplies the nucleus of a comedy called *STANDING ROOM ONLY*. The novelty of this idea has long since worn off and even the custard-pie dramatics of the cast cannot salvage this completely. There are a few bright moments resulting from the spirited performance of Fred MacMurray, who has become an expert farceur. Roland Young, Edward Arnold, and Anne Revere also lend their bolstering presence, but the fun content is negligible. A second choice for adults. (Paramount).

The Navy Engineers come in for their share of cinematic glory in *THE FIGHTING SEABEES*, a fast-moving action film designed for the family audience. Occasionally the story strains credibility, but the whirl of events and two effectively realized battle scenes compensate for the momentary lapses. John Wayne is particularly good, and Dennis O'Keefe, Susan Hayward, and William Frawley headline the cast. (Republic).

An effectively subdued Donald O'Connor is starred in *THIS IS THE LIFE*, based on the play by Sinclair Lewis and Fay Wray. As a Mister Fix-It, who reunites a divorced couple and sets his own adolescent romance straight, he man-



Eddie Ryan, shown with Anne Baxter, is one of the outstanding American heroes in "The Sullivans"

ages to combine a youthful zest with a flair for brash, broad comedy. As in the case of all comics there are two schools of opinion on the O'Connor technique. Those who enjoy his unrestrained style of funmaking will find this tailored yarn more than satisfactory. Susanna Foster, Peggy Ryan, Patric Knowles, and Louise Allbritton contribute to the humor and the musical interludes. (Universal).

The servile attitude toward things Soviet, first exhibited in *Mission to Moscow*, is even more plainly evident in a banal romance called *SONG OF RUSSIA*. The propaganda is painfully obvious, the story woefully weak, and the acting of Robert Taylor and Susan Peters mediocre enough to occasion surprise. If this romanticized version of life and love in the USSR is permitted a showing in Moscow, we would be most interested in reading the *Pravda* report on its reception. Exception cannot be taken to it on moral grounds, but it does qualify as a most inept and boring production. (MGM).

THE UNINVITED is an adult ghost story adapted from Dorothy Macardle's best-seller. Though it is a technically fine film, several objectionable features disqualify it as acceptable entertainment. The impression of credence is given to a spiritualistic seance, and the humorless method of presentation calls on the audience to accept the ghost walking and talking as factual. This method of presentation, while it may be effective in producing the desired chills and thrills, is not suitable for the general audience. Ray Milland, Ruth Hussey, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Gail Russell, Donald Crisp,

and Dorothy Stickney are all excellent in a film that must regretfully be classified as objectionable material. (Paramount).

IN OUR TIME chronicles once again the Nazi invasion of Poland. The conflict is personalized in the story of an English girl who has married into an aristocratic Polish family. The clash of ideology and the brutal impact of the invading horde are well depicted and acted with unusual skill by Ida Lupino, Nancy Coleman, Mary Boland, Nazimova, Victor Francen, and Michael Chekov. Paul Henreid, who has received lavish publicity for his recent screen work, is the least effective member of the cast. There are few actual war scenes in this



George Murphy and Ginny Simms lend their talents to the entertaining production, "Broadway Rhythm"

drama of a modern-day tragedy that can be recommended for young and old alike. (Warner Bros.).

George Murphy, Ginny Simms, and Charles Winninger are starred in *BROADWAY RHYTHM*, a lavish, Technicolor musical possessing both spontaneity and abundant talent. A familiar backstage story is enhanced considerably by the work of the stars and the presence of Dean Murphy, Hazel Scott, "Rochester," Lena Horne, Tommy Dorsey's Orchestra, and a group of young singers and dancers. As a substitute for realism in film fare, this provides several moments of relaxing entertainment. (MGM).

Radio Laxity

Even the casual listener is now aware of the camouflaged but persistent trend in some radio circles to circumvent the accepted standards and the moral rules of broadcasting. This laxity is not confined to any particular network program or series, but has, in the past few months, spread lavalike over the entire field of radio comedy. Few of the top comics have proved to be free of its insidious lure. Bob Hope, Eddie Cantor, Jack Benny, Burns and Allen, Fred Allen, and other highly rated performers have been using material that is obviously not suited to living room entertainment.

Unless the writers and comedians themselves purge the industry of this unwelcome and unnecessary taint, radio may find itself the target of well-deserved, organized protest. It is bad enough when filth is brazenly purveyed in playhouses, where the audience is of mature age and discernment. To attempt its introduction into the home itself cannot be tolerated.



SIGN POST

• The SIGN POST is a service of instruction in the Catholic Faith and related matters for our subscribers. Letters containing questions should be addressed to The Sign Post, c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J. Please give full name and address as a sign of good faith. Neither initials nor place of residence will be printed except with the writer's consent. • Questions should be about the faith and history of the Catholic Church and related matters. • Questions should be kept separate from other business. • Questions are not answered by personal letter. • Matters of conscience and urgent moral cases should be brought to one's Pastor or Confessor. • Anonymous letters will not be considered.

Religious Vocation

1) *In what religious order is it possible to do most to save souls and still remain unknown?*

2) *Would it be more pleasing to God to have a young woman with a college education give up entering a teaching order to enter a contemplative order such as the Carmelites?*—E.D., ST. PAUL, MINN.

1) It is impossible to answer this question. Something, however, will be said on the expression "remain unknown." No doubt the inquirer feels that this is a high ideal and one worthy of being attained. This is correct, but there is room for misunderstanding. Real virtue consists in the *desire*, the *will* to remain unnoticed, not so much in the actual accomplishment of this. If a person does whatever is possible, according to his state in life, to save souls (his own included) and this work is in no way utilized for self-glorification everything will be all right. If it turns out that the individual remains obscure, it is evident that God wills it so, and all the person has to do is to accept the situation. On the other hand, it may be that credit and honor may come to the individual. Then it will be a question of following Our Lord's admonition, "so let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father, who is in heaven." The test will be, has the work been done for or at least turned to personal satisfaction or directed to God? Are there mixed motives and which predominates? The mere fact of being unknown in itself is not a virtue. The question is reduced to one of motive and accepting God's will and this can be done in any form of the religious life and for that matter outside the religious life as well.

2) Deciding a vocation is a very personal matter and a decision cannot be arrived at by a consideration of general principles alone. The aspirant's mental, moral, and physical qualifications for the religious life in general and for the particular type of religious life to be selected must be prudently taken into account. There are no infallible rules for this procedure. The individual concerned should pray, receive the Sacraments, and seek counsel from those qualified to give it.

Concerning the choice of the type of religious life, it should be remembered that the end sought in the contemplative and the active orders is the same. Having a college education in itself should not be taken as an indication that a young woman must join a teaching order. At the same time it could

be considered, other things being equal, as an excellent qualification for educational work. This is not said to discourage the young lady who proposed the question from considering the contemplative life but merely to point out that her decision ought to be determined by all her qualifications and not solely by what may be an exaggerated idea of self-immolation.

Saints' Names

1) *Are Carol and June baptismal names?*—MRS. B., PALMYRA, N. Y.

2) *My patron is St. Lorraine. Will you please give a brief account of this saint?*—L.B., PITTSBURGH, PA.

1) Carol can be considered as an English derivative from the Latin form of Charles which is Carolus. June is a feminine form of Junius. Both may be used as baptismal names.

2) We are unable to find a St. Lorraine listed in any source available to us at present. Further information on this point will be welcome.

Hearing Mass by Radio

During a recent discussion it developed that the consensus of opinion was that Catholics who heard by radio and simultaneously witnessed by television Mass, Benediction, etc., really participated in these functions. Has the Church ruled on this subject?—M.J.S., JERSEY CITY, N. J.

There has been no public ruling on the part of the Holy See concerning the broadcasting of liturgical services. In a private reply, however, to the question of an archbishop relative to this matter, the response was that it is not expedient to broadcast either the whole or parts of liturgical services.

Attendance at Mass by means of the radio and television does not fulfill the obligation of hearing Mass on Sundays and Holy Days. To fulfill that obligation *bodily* presence is required. Listening to a broadcast Mass may be an act of worship, as is the uniting of our intention with the priest celebrating at a distance, but it is not fulfilling the Church's precept of hearing Mass.

Since there is no obligation to attend Benediction and other liturgical services, there is not the same precision of opinion as in the case of hearing a Mass of obligation. Com-

mon sense dictates that radio attendance has not the same value as personal attendance.

Finger Rosary

I have noticed that several Catholic publications carry an advertisement for what is called the "finger rosary." May indulgences be attached to these rings?—J.D.F., PITTSBURGH, PA.

A decree of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences issued on June 20, 1836, states that indulgences cannot be attached to rosary rings. At present we have no evidence that this decree has been revoked. Since the so-called finger rosary is essentially of the type described in the decree, it is evident that the rosary indulgences cannot be attached to it.

Communion Corporals: Water After Communion

1) *Do the rules relating to the touching and washing of purificators, palls, and corporals refer to the corporal that may be used in distributing Holy Communion?*

2) *When it is necessary to give a person a drink of water immediately after receiving Communion, is there any need of disposing in a special way of the water left in the glass?—SR. A. M. M.*

1) When Holy Communion is brought to the sick in religious communities, hospitals, etc., there is often supplied a large corporal on which the ciborium can be placed during the recitation of the prescribed prayers. The washing of such corporals and also of the cloth that may be spread on the breast of the person receiving Communion does not come under the law prescribing that "purificators, palls, and corporals which have been used at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass must not be given to lay persons nor to religious to be washed until they have been washed previously by a cleric in major orders." (Canon 1306, N. 2.) Note that this regulation refers only to the linens used at Mass.

2) There is no need for a special disposition of such water. It would seem that the inquirer feels that the water might be comparable to that in the piscina cup. This small vessel containing water is kept at the altar of the Blessed Sacrament so that the priest may use it for the purification of his fingers outside the regular time at Mass. The contents of the piscina cup should be periodically put into the sacarium.

The Gift of Tongues

Will you kindly explain what is meant by the Gift of Tongues? I refer especially to the events that took place at the advent of the Holy Spirit when all who heard the Apostles understood each in his own language.—J.B.S., NEW YORK CITY.

Before Our Lord ascended to heaven, He commissioned His Apostles to preach the Gospel to every creature. At that time He also said, "And these signs shall attend those who believe: in my name they shall cast out devils; they shall speak in new tongues. . . ." (Mark 16:17) It did not take long for these promises to be fulfilled. As regards the speaking of new tongues, it was manifested on Pentecost when the Holy Spirit descended on the Apostles in Jerusalem (Acts 2:4); when the first Gentiles were converted at Caesarea (Acts 10:46); when the disciples of John the Baptist received the Holy Spirit at Ephesus (Acts 19:6). See also chapters 12 and 14 of *First Corinthians*.

The Gift of Tongues is classified as one of the charismata (singular, charisma) which were quite prevalent in the early Church. A charisma is defined as a gratuitous, supernatural, and transitory gift, conferred by the Holy Spirit for the sake

of the general good and for the edification of the Mystical Body of Christ. The charismata, in contrast to actual and sanctifying grace, are not requisite for salvation, nor do they necessarily improve the spiritual life of the individual who may receive them. As Our Lord foretold they were to be signs to confirm faith. They were for the public good rather than for the sake of the individual concerned and so as the Church became more firmly established the need for them ceased to a great extent.

What was the Gift of Tongues? We cannot say exactly what it was, but Scripture tells at least what it was not. It is very important to hold fast to the idea that it was not intended for the preaching of the Gospel. This may appear strange to those who have formed an erroneous notion from the uncritical reading of the events of the first Pentecost. A careful reading of the second chapter of the *Acts of the Apostles* reveals that when the Apostles "began to speak in foreign tongues, even as the Holy Spirit prompted them to speak," they did not address the people. They spoke of "the wonderful works of God" in languages previously unknown to them and those who had gathered declared "we have heard them speaking in our own languages." Evidently this glorification of the works of God was done with considerable animation of voice and gesture and as a result some of the hearers passed it off with the remark, "they are full of new wine."

When Peter steps forth, however, to address the people in the name of all the Apostles, he can use only one language at a time and naturally uses his own. We are not told that everyone in the multitude understood Peter, but if they did it was a miracle wrought in his hearers, not in him. The point is that as soon as the preaching began, the Gift of Tongues ceased. The essential characteristic of the Gift of Tongues was the supernatural ability to pray and to praise God in strange languages with an enthusiasm bordering on exaltation. This is revealed not only by a careful study of the events on Pentecost but also by a proper reading of the other passages referred to above. Thus, the household of Cornelius "glorifies God," the converts at Ephesus "prophesy" in the Biblical sense, that is, speak *before* someone. Writing to the Corinthians St. Paul says, "he who speaks in a tongue does not speak to men but to God, for no one understands, though he is speaking mysteries by the Spirit."

What was the purpose of the gift? It verified the prophecies, proved visibly the continual presence of the Holy Spirit in the Church, and symbolized the great catholic unity and universality of the Gospel, which was destined to speak all languages and to gather all men in the profession of the same faith.

Church Music

What is the substance of the regulations of Pope Pius X on Church music?—TEXAS.

In his *Motu proprio* on Church music issued on November 22, 1903, Pope Pius X called for a reform in certain aspects of the music that had been introduced into Church services. The Pope set up plainchant as the norm of liturgical music and called upon the clergy to be zealous in its promotion and to eliminate music which did not fit that norm.

There is only one reason for the existence of Church music and that is the complete, intelligible, and edifying rendering of the liturgical texts. In other words, the melody must be subordinated to the words and be in conformity with them. In ecclesiastical music, the melody must not be considered as an end in itself. It must conform to the general purpose of the liturgy which is the glorification of God and the sanctification and edification of the faithful. Therefore, any music

that seeks merely to arouse sensual delight, or borders on the profane and theatrical must be ruled out. It is because plainchant so ideally fits in with the purpose of the liturgy that the Pope prescribed its universal restoration and adoption.

While plainchant with its earnest and sublime melodies was set up as the norm, other music is allowed. Especially is this true of classical, polyphonic chant which is closely related to plainchant and is capable of adding splendor to the more festive occasions. On the other hand, secularized polyphonic music as in the compositions of Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, and especially in Italian concert music, is ruled out. These may be very fine compositions in themselves but they fail to meet the first requirement for liturgical music. They subordinate the liturgical text to the music with the result that the music becomes the all-important thing. Their place is in the concert hall, not the church.

The substance of the *Motu proprio* can be briefly stated by saying that it set up plainchant and its traditional rendering as the norm for measuring what is and what is not proper ecclesiastical music.

The Oxford Group or Buchmanism

There are here in Jamaica members of the "Oxford Group" (or Moral Re-armament, as it is sometimes called) who, when told that their movement cannot be joined by Catholics, assert that there are many Catholics among their ranks in Canada and England. I think it would be well to say something about this movement and the attitude Catholics should take on the subject.—L. R. T., JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Oxford Group, Moral Re-armament, The First Century Fellowship, and Buchmanism are various names for the same thing. The latter title is derived from the founder of the movement, Frank Buchman, D.D., former Lutheran minister and Y.M.C.A. secretary. He gave the name *The First Century Fellowship* to his idea because he considered that he was introducing practices of the early Christians. The Oxford title derives from the fact that several groups at Oxford University took up the ideas of Buchman and publicized them. *Moral Re-armament*, as is evident, has a wartime atmosphere about it.

Buchmanism claims to be no church or religious sect. It wants to work in and through all churches. But fundamentally its inspiration is distinctly Protestant and in fact is Protestantism gone wild. If private judgment, no matter how inconsistently it may have been applied in the course of history, is the foundation of Protestantism, then Buchmanites are the most Protestant of all. Their organization, if it can be called such, has no offices or officials. The work must advance through the individual's taking personal responsibility as God directs him and interpreting "the Spirit" for himself and others. It is to get in touch with "the Spirit" that they have their "Quiet Times" when they deliberately "listen to God" to get the messages He will send for their guidance. They have implicit faith in this "guidance" from on high. Another feature of the group meetings and one which has gained some notoriety for them, is what is called "sharing." The theory is that by publicly confessing his difficulties, temptations, and falls a member relieves his own conscience and brings encouragement to the other members of the group.

What must be the Catholic estimation of this movement? We do not question the good faith of Buchman and his sincere followers. Emphasis upon humanity's need of God, the effort to lead as Christian a life as possible, working for peace among nations in a world rapidly turning toward paganism and Communism are not things to be despised.

Viewing the movement in the light of cold reason and logic, is another matter. Its ambition to build a new world, to open up a new road to the old Gospel is praiseworthy, but upon what is it built? The answer must be, pure subjectivism. What objective reality corresponds to the spiritual radiograms at the basis of "guidance"? None whatever. It reduces to accepting the word of various persons concerning their own interior experiences. It is sound Catholic doctrine that the individual soul can be in close union with God and be enlightened by the rays of Eternal Truth. But in all this the individual experience must conform to the norms of objective truth. Else why did God give us revelation and establish His Church to guarantee its authenticity and preservation through the ages? Like every Protestant movement, Buchman's system rejects the infallible teaching authority of the Catholic Church and even more pronouncedly than most Protestant churches, it opens the way to illusion, superstition, auto-suggestion, and especially to complacency and pride which experience only too well testifies are snares to entrap those who trust in private "guidance" and exempt themselves from obedience to an external law in religion.

Because of this general but fundamental reason, Catholicism and Buchmanism are poles apart. A Catholic must indeed have all charity and respect for the individual members of "Groups," but it is impossible for a consistent Catholic to participate in the movement. If a Catholic needs "guidance" or "sharing," he knows how and where to get it. If he needs to bring more abundantly into his everyday life a greater realization of the ideals of Christianity, Our Lord has given in His Church the channels through which His Life will flow to the members of His Mystical Body.

Stations of the Cross

What prayers must be said to gain the indulgence attached to the Stations of the Cross? Can these indulgences be gained at home by looking at pictures of the Stations in a book?—M. L. G., NEWARK, N. J.

The first requisite for gaining the indulgences of the Stations is that they be properly erected. The Stations consist of fourteen wooden crosses fastened to a wall or otherwise so fixed that they have a permanent place. There must be sufficient space between the crosses that the making of the Way of the Cross will constitute more than taking a few steps. Pictures or any other manner of representing the various stages of the Passion of Christ are not necessary. Most people think of the Stations in terms of the representations of these scenes. It must be emphasized that such portrayals are intended to aid in meditating on the sufferings of Our Lord, but they are not the Stations. The wooden crosses constitute the Stations, and it is to these the indulgences are attached at the time of their blessing by a duly authorized priest. The blessing of these crosses is what is technically called "erecting the Stations." From this it can be seen that the indulgences cannot be gained by looking at pictures of the Stations in some book. A visitation of the properly erected crosses as just explained is necessary.

The one exception to the above rule is the permission to use the Station Crucifix. This was discussed on page 302 in *THE SIGN*, December 1943.

For gaining the indulgences (outside the occasion when the Station Crucifix is used) no oral prayers are prescribed. Neither is it necessary to go to Confession and Communion. It is simply required that there be meditation on the Passion of Our Lord according to one's ability. No particular length of time of meditation is prescribed, nor is it required that the meditation be on specified phases of the sufferings of Christ. When the Stations are made *privately*, moving from Station to Station is always required.



Letters should as a rule be limited to about 300 words. The Editor reserves the right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's—not necessarily those of the Editor. Comment concerning articles or other matter appearing in the pages of the magazine is welcomed. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.

Labor Policy

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I for one do not agree with your castigation of Westbrook Pegler in your February issue. He at least produces *facts* to support his contentions. Have you at any time castigated the definite ring-leaders who have put labor into a very unsavory light? At no time in history has labor had such a whiphand over employers and capital as now—and how does labor use its cudgel?

You pass over the shortcomings of labor very lightly, as if they were to be condoned. It were better that you definitely pointed to those who have caused labor to be put in the unsavory light it now occupies. Many union men themselves are disgusted with their own unions.

Denver, Colo.

LEON V. ALMIRALL

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I receive THE SIGN every month and would like to take this opportunity to say that in my opinion it is the best Catholic periodical issued.

However, in the "Current Fact and Comment" department of the February issue, I noticed the remarks concerning Westbrook Pegler, and I must say I do not agree with you at all.

It seems to me that you do not read Pegler consistently, because he has said on numerous occasions that he is not attacking the principle of a labor union movement. This is not written in a spirit of naïveté. Hasn't Pegler illustrated with facts, and not hearsay?

One statement of your editorial stands out glaringly. You say agreements entered into by unions and employers can no longer be considered as private affairs concerning only the parties involved. I cannot be too emphatic in stating that the unions do all they can to keep all their transactions as secretive as is humanly possible. What happens to all the money raked in from their long-suffering employees?

John Jones is barely making both ends meet, and lo and behold, he becomes a union power and owns a winter home in Florida! Isn't it fair and just to denounce such "leaders" as John L. Lewis, Joe Fay, Joseph Curran, David Dubinsky, Dan Tobin, etc?

Is it law-abiding for an American to have to pay to work? The unions are practically a government within themselves.

They use one of the rights that belongs to Congress alone, namely, the power to tax. The contemptible part of it all is the fact that they do all this with the benevolent okay of the Administration. Why don't they give an accounting of all dues and assessments collected by them?

As you say, Pegler has succeeded in putting Brown, Bioff, and Scalise behind bars. Is that "labor baiting" or a genuine public service? Westbrook Pegler may be a voice crying in the wilderness, but I see the U. S. Senate is now attempting to pass a bill providing that all unions will have to give an accounting of the money they collect.

There is a lot wrong with the unions today, and Mr. Westbrook Pegler is only trying to point out some of their major flaws. And remember, the man is intelligent. He never has held to the premise that all unions are bad because some are. It is because you made that statement that I say you could not have read Pegler nightly, because I have seen *prima facie* evidence to the contrary in his column. They don't hand out Pulitzer Prizes for "carping criticism" either.

Cambridge, Mass.

JOSEPH T. O'NEIL

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Your remarks on labor in "Current Fact and Comment" for February were fair and well balanced. Pegler has done a great work in exposing labor racketeers, and it is too bad that he doesn't offset the general impression that he is anti-labor by writing up the good accomplished by many honest labor leaders.

There is a crying need for a more definite labor policy on the part of the Government, both for the war and the postwar period. The soldiers who return from this war are going to be a strong political force in this country, and there is mounting evidence that they are angry at wartime strikes. They cannot see why they should be called on to make such heroic sacrifices while at the same time our Government allows workers who are earning more than they ever earned before in their lives to go on strike. That is a double standard if ever there was one.

Furthermore, since the Government is fostering closed-shop agreements, the Government should protect the union worker through legislation. Since in many cases a man must belong to a union to hold a job, the Government should legislate to protect a man's union status. As it is now, a worker can be thrown out of a union, and therefore of a job, practically at the will of union officials.

Please give us more such editorials on labor. The subject needs thought and discussion.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

CHARLES L. HUNTER

A Great Accomplishment

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I cannot help thanking you for the splendid article, "America's Philippine Victory," by Carlos P. Romulo in the February issue. It is the kind of article that makes one realize what a great thing it is to be an American. We have to our credit a great accomplishment in what we have done in the Philippines. Why hide our light under a bushel? The world needs the good example we have given in our treatment of the Filipinos, especially during these times when the question of colonies and mandates is in the air again. The story is all the more forceful coming as it does from a Filipino.

Keep up the good work. THE SIGN ranks higher in the quality of its contents than our leading secular magazines.

New York City

GEORGE R. SWIFT

"Letter to General Washington"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

"A Letter to General Washington" by Helen Walker Homan in the February issue is as beautiful and inspiring a piece of writing as I have read in a long time. This is a good

time to go back in thought to our national origins and our founding fathers, and I know of no more enchanting guide than Mrs. Homan. Couldn't she give us a series of letters to other great early Americans? For her next letter let me suggest Thomas Jefferson. I am sure other readers also would find it delightful.

Boston, Mass.

PATRICK R. QUINN

A Soldier's Reflections

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I am enclosing an offering for your missionaries. If China is anything like the Middle East, they sure have my sympathy. I've seen a little of India and quite a lot of Iran, and both places are pretty rugged on a fellow, but I imagine China must be even worse, especially with all the bombing and actual warfare. I hope and pray that the day is not far off when this mess will be all over and peace will reign once again.

We are quite fortunate, as far as our spiritual welfare is concerned, especially at this post where I am stationed. We have Mass every Sunday and oftentimes we have Mass on weekday evenings. At times, though, I have been stationed in places here where we did not have Mass for weeks at a time. Sometimes I believe a "sorry country" like this helps to weld us more firmly to our religion, which at times is really the only thing that keeps us going. We were very fortunate also in having Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve.

Well, I guess I'll have to close now and head for the "chow line."

Somewhere in Iran

PVT. B. J. LORDAN

Worthwhile Criticism

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Mr. Cotter's evaluation of *The Voice of the Turtle* printed in your February issue is splendid. It was gratifying to read the opinion of a critic whose real moral standard of judgment had not been influenced by the extravagant praise given this play by his more famous (?) but less reliable colleagues who work for some of New York City's big newspapers.

Even if the weekend supposed in the play had no actual counterpart in American war life it is lamentable that a portrayal of morally rotten conduct should have been honored by the request to give what one writer called, "a command performance," in the capital at Washington.

It does seem strange that any government spokesman by such an order would lend tacit sanction to the staging of John Van Druten's comedy, which is sheerest moral tragedy, not a pleasant interlude in a soldier's life.

Congratulations to THE SIGN on its Stage and Screen Department and to the competent author who writes it. From an artistic and literary viewpoint this department is at least equal to those of our best contemporary publications, and from the moral viewpoint it far surpasses them.

New York City

PAUL J. PIERCE

"Forgive Us Our Debts"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In the January 1944 issue of THE SIGN there was a question with an answer relative to the wording of the *Our Father* as it appears in some of the more recently published missals in English. What the questioner probably had in mind was the petition: "Forgive us our debts as we also forgive our debtors."

It may be interesting to your questioner and your readers in general to know that this wording is not new. It was the rendering of the first English Catholic version of the New Testament published at Rheims in 1582, and has been retained by Bishop Challoner in his revision of 1751 and by the editors of the Confraternity edition published in 1941. It is also found in the translation commonly used by non-

Catholics, known as the King James or Authorized Version.

The wording "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us" was first introduced into an English version of the New Testament by William Tindale, an apostate Catholic priest, whose translation, the first New Testament ever to be printed in English, was published in 1526. This wording has ever since that time, as it probably was before, been the wording followed in the recitation of the Lord's Prayer by both Catholics and non-Catholics in English speaking countries. Yet there is, as far as we know, no widely used English version either Catholic or non-Catholic which has retained the wording of Tindale.

Washington, D. C.

JOSEPH L. LILLY, C.M.

Secretary General

The Catholic Biblical Association of America

Isolationism

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I want to take exception to the statement, in "Current Fact and Comment" in the December issue, that "isolationism is repudiated decisively and resoundingly in America." "Isolationism" has never been presented to the electorate for confirmation, rejection, or modification in a formal election, plebiscite, or referendum. The 1940 election cast a shadow rather than a light on the issue. In fact the term "isolationism" has no commonly understood definition and is used almost exclusively as a derogatory epithet. I have never heard or seen any but an emotional definition of the word. It is used often as a term of accusation of ignorance rather than a term for policy or national policy. I once heard an ardent advocate of intervention accuse his opponent of being a "Chinese Wall with his head stuck in the sand who didn't know there was a Europe." This he said by way of explanation of an "isolationist."

And yet there are four essential aspects of "isolationism," as applied to the United States, that are inescapable if the import of the word is to be considered from a *rational* rather than emotional viewpoint, namely: economic, sociological, cultural, and political.

Renunciation of economic isolation cannot be demanded since we have never gone beyond a protective tariff in that direction, and our foreign trade has recorded colossal figures for the last seventy years. Who opened up Japan for trade?

Up to recently we have been the "melting pot" of the world. The social exclusiveness of Australia seems morally reprehensible in contrast.

Culturally we are among the least particularistic nations of the world as is attested by our interest in the opera, foreign languages and painting, and by our general appreciation of older civilizations.

There should be no confusion permitted in these aspects by the loose use of the term "isolationism."

Only in the political phase has the United States maintained aloofness from military alliances up to 1916 and again now. In both these cases the alliances were unpremeditated and not based on popular sanction. It is necessary to state that the electorate has never had an opportunity to express its will on that point.

The legal commitment by the present administration, still finite in spite of its three terms, to international involvement, based on a premise of mere statement that "isolation is dead," will have no *moral* sanction on the people of this nation and will have a conclusion of repudiation like that of prohibition.

The vital issue of "isolationism" should be presented honestly and unequivocally to the electorate for their decision. A decision brought about on a basis of confusion, pressure, and emotion is a travesty of democracy that will kill the real thing.

Maspeth, N. Y.

MAURICE A. HOWARD

Categorica

ITEMS HUMOROUS OR UNUSUAL
ON MATTERS OF GREAT
OR LITTLE MOMENT

On Playing Cards

► *PLAYING CARDS have an ancient and kingly history, according to F. Dillenbeck, writing in the "Liguorian":*

Playing cards are found in eighty-seven per cent of American homes, and more than four-fifths of United States families play cards. Though figures are not exactly available, it can be estimated that more people play cards than take part in any other form of recreation. Cards remain the country's favorite social recreation. . . .

Originally all face cards were portraits of actual personages. Imagine playing poker with St. John in your hand! For Saints formed the face cards of some fifteenth-century decks. The early French card-packs were also unique. The kings were David, Alexander, Caesar, and Charlemagne, representing the monarchies of the Jews, Greeks, Romans, and the French; the queens were Argine, Pallas, Esther, and Judith, the last two historical figures from the Scriptures. Still different were the cards of seventeenth-century England. These had heraldic designs: the different kings bore respectively the coat-of-arms of the Pope of Rome and the Kings of England, Spain, and France. The "republican deck" of post-Revolutionary United States had no kings, queens, or knaves. Instead presidents and friends of democracy, goddesses from mythology, and Indian chiefs as "jacks" were pictured.

According to present-day experts the stylized face-cards of the modern deck contain vestiges of these original drawings. Some say the king of hearts represents Charlemagne, and the jack of spades one of his lieutenants. Others stoutly maintain that the face of jovial Henry VIII of England is preserved on all four kings. All agree that the queen is of English origin. And contrary to feminine fancies, her dress has met with very little variation from that day to this.

"Planked Steak Sans Steak"

► *FOOD SHORTAGES AND RATIONING should not be wartime or postwar problems when we have available a simple treatment reported under the above heading in "The Rotarian":*

The ability of goats, burros, and other animals to digest cellulose has long amazed men. A burro will leave oats to eat a wagon box. Some time ago it was predicted that chemists would either so modify cellulose as to make it digestible by man or else they would discover the reason a goat can grow fat on paper, and confer those same properties on humans. Partial hydrolysis of cellulose so that it can be utilized as a stock food and even by man has long ago been accomplished, but recently Dr. Gustav Martin reported that he had produced a chocolate-flavored syrup containing certain germ cultures which, if taken by human beings, would properly modify the intestinal flora and confer on us for life the digestive powers normally possessed by the goat. Then we, too, could digest leaves, grass, and even wood. Dr. Martin assured us that the cost of this treatment would not be more than \$2.

Turncoats

► *A SO-THAT'S-HOW-IT-HAPPENED TALE, taken from the "Irish Weekly," tells us how a word was coined:*

Why are people who change sides often called "Turncoats"?

Long years ago, when Spain and France were at war, one of the first Dukes of Savoy found himself in a very uncomfortable position, as his land was so near both of these enemies that each side made use of it in their attacks upon each other.

So the Duke decided that, to live in peace, he must always be on the side which happened to be the stronger when they were near his land. For this reason he had a coat made which was blue on one side and white on the other. When the Spaniards happened to be winning he wore his coat blue side outwards, because blue was the Spanish color, and when the French were getting the best of it he changed his coat and wore it white side out.

The Good Old Days

► *PITY THE POOR WORKINGMAN of the 1880's! "Advertisers Digest" reprints the following rules which were posted in a Chicago store of that era:*

1. Store must be open from 6 A.M. to 9 P.M. the year 'round.
2. Store must be swept; counters, shelves, and showcases dusted; lamps trimmed, filled, and chimneys cleaned; pens made, doors and windows opened; a pail of water and a bucket of coal brought in before breakfast. (If there is time to do so, attend to customers who call.)
3. The store must not be opened on the Sabbath unless necessary, and then only for a few minutes.
4. The employee who is in the habit of smoking Spanish cigars, being shaved at the barber's, going to dances and other places of amusement will assuredly give his employer reason to be suspicious of his integrity and honesty.
5. Each employee must pay not less than \$5.00 per year to the church, and must attend Sunday school regularly.
6. Men employees are given one evening a week for court-ing, two if they go to prayer meeting.
7. After fourteen hours in the store, the leisure hours should be spent for the most part in reading.

Hollywood Headaches

► *GRETTA PALMER tells in "This Week" what a headache to movie producers are the hawk eyes who spot errors and write letters:*

The tens of millions of Americans who go to the movies every week include gimlet-eyed experts on everything from astronomy and twelfth-century armor to appendectomies and

Arctic spears. When such a specialist spots a boner in a picture, he writes a taunting letter to the studio and—what is worse—sends a copy to his local newspaper. Since it is bad for their business for them to be called illiterate, Hollywood producers hire scholarly research staffs with unlimited funds to make the movies raspberry-proof. But the fight is never won. . . .

No volume is as precious to the research workers as their complete, 50-year sets of Sears, Roebuck catalogues, or their timetables for all countries of the globe. With the latter, RKO recently found out, in 15 minutes, how long it should take a character to go from Paris to Elkhovo, Bulgaria. . . .

Even after a scene has been shot a research specialist may be called in to detect why it has an unconvincing air. Arthur Hornblow's staff puzzled over a New York crowd scene, which had been shot in a Los Angeles street. The signboards and street signs had been changed for the occasion, and all the trappings seemed correct. Finally someone spotted the trouble—the Californians sauntered, where New Yorkers hustle.

Logleal

► OF THE CURRENT STOCK of anecdotes about personages in the musical world, the following is reprinted from the "Victorian":

An enterprising impresario who was anxious to engage Madame Patti for a concert tour, called at her home one afternoon to discuss terms.

"How much will you take for a season's tour, Madame Patti?" he asked.

"\$100,000," was the prompt reply.

"\$100,000!" exploded the producer, his eyes almost popping out of his head. "Good Heavens, woman, that's more than we pay the President of the United States."

"In that case," said the singer, rising abruptly from her chair, "why don't you get the President to sing for you?"

What Next?

► THE NORTH POLE REGION may enjoy a greater popularity after the war if the following, printed in the "New York Times Magazine," is an indication:

Since the beginning of recorded time, the human race has shown little enthusiasm for the North Pole. Only the Eskimos have cared to dwell in its Arctic Circle. Only one inquiring soul from balmier parts has ever visited it on foot, and only a few others have reconnoitered it from the air. Unexploited, unappreciated, unwanted, it stands lonely at the top of mundane things, the most unpopular spot on earth. Nobody has even thought of developing it as a summer resort. But a new day dawns for the North Pole. The scientists have suddenly reported that its basin holds the largest quantities of petroleum on this planet. Anybody can see what that will mean as soon as this war is over.

One-Man Press

► GUILD CRAFTSMANSHIP at its best exists in Richmond Hill, a suburb of New York City. The craftsman is Clifford J. Laube of the "New York Times" and the craft is described by Willard F. Everett in the "Queen's Work":

When Laube tried to have a collection of his poems printed in book form, he found the publishers stiff-necked and cold-hearted. He felt that his work was better than much of the stuff being printed and he decided to use his printing experience and publish his poems himself. So he bought several cases of Garamond type, a press powered by a foot treadle, a paper-cutting machine, binding equipment, and so on. All

In all, it cost him about six hundred dollars. As he couldn't afford an embossing press, he made one.

On December 8, 1937, the Monastine Press was formally established in the Laube basement. It was named in honor of his patron saints, St. Augustine of Hippo and his mother, St. Monica. Laube would set four pages in type, print a thousand copies, and then distribute the type. By the middle of the following May the printing job was done.

The real hitch came in the binding. He had never had any experience in this line. He spent an hour getting tips from an old bookbinder. A couple of trials and he was doing professional work. Better than professional, really, as publishers admit; for they cannot afford the painstaking care that Laube puts into each volume. He can bind about twenty books a week. Orders piled up, and he became horribly pressed for time.

The illustrations were his own, too, woodcuts of mountain scenes. The complete work, entitled *Crags*, attracted so much attention that it was mentioned for the Pulitzer prize. It is a ninety-six page book containing eighty-one poems. One thousand of the books were printed. Returns from the venture have more than paid for the equipment.

Letter From Nancy

► IN THE "Book-of-the-Month Club News," a few sidelights are thrown on Jesse Stuart of "Taps for Private Tussie" fame:

He was in Edinburgh about four years ago, working on a Guggenheim Fellowship and living in an unexpensive boarding house, when one day he got a letter from a woman who signed herself "Nancy Astor," asking him to visit her in London. "I tried to remember if I knew any Nancy Astor back in Kentucky," he says, "but I couldn't remember any." So he put the letter aside. He did the same thing with a second note from her. Then he got a third note which demanded peremptorily, "Are you coming or aren't you?" Puzzled, he took the three notes to his landlady. "Missus Hastings," he said, "I want to know if you can make head or tail out of these." Mrs. Hastings did. She threw up her hands. "Why it's Lady Astor," she exclaimed.

Jesse spent three weeks with the Astors in London and at their estate on the Thames. They apparently thought he was quite a novelty, and that's the way he felt about them. The one compliment he liked, however, came from the butler (whom he had vainly tried to stop calling him "sir"). "You know, sir," the butler said, "you remind me of another American we had visiting here once. A man named Will Rogers."

Fashion Note

► "THE CROSS," published in Dublin, gives the following archeological item reported by Byron de Prorok. There's nothing new about vanity fair:

We found a lady of fashion of thirteen hundred years before the coming of Christ who had had her hair bobbed, dyed a vivid red, and permanently waved; and that wave and dye had endured more than three thousand years. When one of the noted coiffeurs of Paris examined her he told me that her hair originally had been black. There were stone vaporizers and atomizers for her perfume beside her. There were also nail-scissors, bronze mirrors, combs, tweezers for plucking her eyebrows, and decorated bronze razors. Near her lay her favourite dancing-girl—a mummy wearing golden cymbals and bells decorated with etched pictures of the dance. Beside her lay an ivory vanity case which contained alabaster bottles and jars. In these were seven shades of rouge and lipstick, and kohl to shadow and lengthen the eyes. Those lipsticks and pots of rouge were still moist and usable.



Books



TOWARD A BETTER WORLD

By Jan Christiaan Smuts. 308 pages.
Duell, Sloan and Pearce. \$2.75

My first recollection of having heard of Smuts was in connection with his philosophical system of holism. This was a long time ago. It seems strange now, looking back, to think that acquaintance should be made because of something for which the man is least famous. And yet, his system of holism is the secret to his political doctrine. Holism—the theory of the whole—is an attempt at synthesis. Apart from its cosmological flaws, in the field of politics it aims at unity and interpenetration.

This has been the aim of Smuts, the statesman, as is brought out in this collection of speeches ranging from 1917 to 1943—unity in racism in South Africa, unity in the British Commonwealth, unity among all nations, unity of all mankind.

From these speeches one gets a fairly well-rounded idea of Smuts the man. Unfortunately, the book went to press before the release of his "explosive" address before a private meeting of the United Kingdom branch of the Empire Parliamentary Association last November. Unfortunately, because this last speech seems in many ways to differ from the line of thinking evidenced in this collection of speeches.

ROBERT KENDALL

WHAT TO DO WITH GERMANY

By Louis Nizer. 213 pages. Ziff-Davis Publishing Co. \$2.50

What to Do with Germany is a blueprint for the rebuilding of Germany by the United Nations. Any such plan by an individual must appear arrogant, for there is no more momentous problem awaiting solution than what the now certain victors in the Battle of Europe should do with Germany. Yet, the very importance and urgency of the problem show how necessary it is to discuss it.

The author's plan is something to stagger the lay mind. It involves the suspension of German sovereignty, the administration of German industry by a supranational organization, and the trial and sentencing of more than 150,000 German war criminals by non-Germans.

If the reader judges that Mr. Nizer, a

New York attorney, has taken on a herculean job already, let him ponder this sentence: "The entire educational system of Germany (must) be scrapped." One wonders whether Mr. Nizer would put such professed atheists as Wells and Einstein, whom he quotes with approval, in charge of the new educational system. The author retails Einstein's suggestion that "the large estates (be) dispossessed and parceled out." He nowhere writes of the incongruity of turning over parts of Germany to another dictatorship for democratization.

Mr. Nizer gives a page to the place of "the churches," but their function in the new Germany is limited to "the psychiatric release of a tormented people which transfers its torment to others." He evidently feels no need for the guidance of the Almighty in the modest task he assigns the United Nations. Like Mr. Eden in condemning Japanese atrocities, Mr. Nizer can appeal in his entire book to nothing higher than "the moral codes which have grown with the development of civilization."

BERTRAND WEAVER, C.P.

BEHIND THE STEEL WALL

By Arvid Fredborg. 305 pages. The Viking Press. \$3.00

Since Pearl Harbor—and the books of Howard Smith and Henry J. Taylor—we have had no word from Berlin except via the free newspapers of Sweden and Switzerland. Arvid Fredborg covered the now seared capital of the Reich for the famous Swedish daily *Svenska Dagbladet* from late 1941 until a few months ago. Naturally, his headquarters were in Berlin—and naturally, the material in this book, far from sensational but quite revealing nevertheless, consists of much news he could not get by the watchful German censor.

Fredborg is not the average correspondent with one eye on the camera and the other on his pet cause. He is objective enough and has a sense of humor. His interest in things military gives some startling information of the Russian campaigns; his descriptions on the home front are also highly interesting—and amazing.

Beyond all this, however, is the mind of a continental-trained university man who supports the Bellocian thesis that

monarchy of the constitutional variety may be necessary for most of the smaller countries of central Europe. He pays special tribute to the courageous Catholic bishops and religious leaders who have "thus far succeeded in saving much of German culture and spiritual freedom from the predatory grasp of the National Socialist Party."

The renaissance of religion in Germany is chiefly directed toward the Church. Carefully read, Mr. Fredborg's book may give the impression that only the Faith and sound tradition can save Europe if it is not too late. It might not be a bad idea to have some voice stress this in the wilderness of the coming peace conference.

JOHN O'CONNOR

RUSSIAN CAVALCADE

By Albert Parry. 334 pages. Ives Washburn Inc. \$3.50

We are, perhaps, too often told to keep away from historical analogies. Yet it is difficult to understand a people without looking into that people's historical past, and every time we do so we shall discover that a nation is molded according to a definite pattern, which outlives wars and revolutions.

Mr. Albert Parry rightly points out in the preface of his *Russian Cavalcade*, that "the hero of this book is the plain Russian soldier of all times. . . . We cannot start our discussion of the Russian army with 1941, when it opened its contest with the attacking hordes of Hitler." And so the author takes us two centuries back to show us the stuff that the Russian soldier was made of under the Czarist regime, and in a broader sense, what Russia as such was made of.

Russian Cavalcade is, as the author states, a military record. But it is moreover an exhaustive study of Russian historical trends analyzed by a man who is familiar with the subject; he knows from personal experience the country he describes. He grew up in the Cossack land, among the "horsemen of the steppes," to whom one of the many interesting chapters of the book is devoted.

From Suvorov and from Kutuzov, the man who stopped Napoleon, from young Leo Tolstoy fighting at Sevastopol, to the Red Marshals of today, the reader will follow Alfred Parry with the

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sense that Russia is far older and far bigger than Communism. Hitler's essential blunder was to have awakened the people's dynamism, which is now striking back at him. And the reader will also become aware through this book, that the Russian victories are moreover a sign of inner stabilization, brought about by a new military and technical elite, "The vast country," as Mr. Parry writes, "has changed and is still changing from the revolutionary firebrand she was at the onset of the Soviet era. The foremost development is that of a healthy nationalism which has been gaining over the revolutionary internationalism of the earlier Bolshevik phase of Russia."

Russian Cavalcade shows us how this change has been made possible, in so far as the will to live is stronger in a people's soul than the forces of destruction.

HELEN ISWOLSKY

WHAT RUSSIA WANTS

By Joachim Joesten. 214 pages. Duell, Sloan and Pearce. \$2.50

When Joachim Joesten, assistant editor of *Newsweek*, writes on European questions, he is in a familiar field. He is German by birth, and all his life, up to Hitler's rise to power, was spent in Europe. His is a record of remarkable shrewdness in political prophecy.

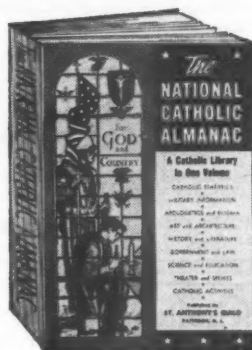
In this present book he holds that there is nothing enigmatic about Russia's foreign policy or war aims: Russia will demand all the territory she had up to 1941, which includes the Baltic States and Poland as partitioned in 1939. She will demand a hands-off policy in the Balkans and a friendly Germany. The Soviet wants security and peace, but not at the expense of sacrificing any objectives. One of her objectives is not "to Bolshevize Europe and least of all Germany."

Although Mr. Joesten assures us he is striving to be objective, there is little doubt that in every consideration he favors the case Russia builds up; e. g., of Poland he remarks, "In view of these ethical, social, and historical data, all of which support the Soviet standpoint in the matter, it is hard to understand the outcry against 'Red imperialism.'" He rebukes Catholics for being suspicious of Russia and accuses the N.C.W.C. of constantly arousing them against the Soviet.

To be sure there is much information in this book. The author's conclusions are another thing again. He does a service in showing there is no clear dividing line between black and white in this war. No country has a monopoly on right. Therefore concessions will have to be made. But the author does a great disservice in not making moral principles the guide for these concessions.

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The conclusions and recommendations of any man are suspect when he could scoff at "puritans and sticklers for abstract principles" and write: "It is not merely a question of law and morals. It is a matter of peace or war." And again, "It is not so much the means that count but the purpose. As long as a country's aims are defensible, its methods of achieving them must be judged with some leniency."

PETER VANDERHORN

THEY SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH

By Otto Zoff. 270 pages. The John Day Company. \$3.00

"What have we done to the children of the world?" asks the author in the first line of the most appalling book to come out of this war. Then he proceeds to show us. And, brother, no Frankenstein-monster story has the terrific impact which this simple narration carries with it! "What have we done to them? In cold blood the whole world has turned to systematic murder. Not only have the children not been spared, they have been condemned to starvation, torture, and bombardment for tactical reasons."

Pleasant reading? Decidedly not. We have here the ghastly details which the communiqués do not mention. From personal observation and patient research Mr. Zoff paints a macabre picture of "the children's descent into Hell" which is as gruesome as a Doré sketch of Dante's *Inferno*. The thousands of little old men of eight in the Sicilian sulfur mines; the malicious moral and religious perversion of children in Germany; the frightful persecution and mass-murder of Jewish children in German-held countries; the diabolical murder of "Little Ones"; the "young wolves of Greece"; the unbelievable attempt of Hitler's Gestapo to bestialize Polish youth—all this is enough to sicken the stoutest heart. And let us not forget, juvenile delinquency in this country—"The Lost Children of America."

It is all here—and more, and you probably won't believe until you have read the book. The slaughter of the Holy Innocents goes on apace, and the shade of Herod is still stalking the earth. Hitler and the warlords stand condemned before God and men for what has happened to the children of the world.

BONIFACE BUCKLEY, C.P.

DISCOVERING MEXICO

By John A. O'Brien. 151 pages. Our Sunday Visitor Press. \$2.00

Mexico needs to be discovered by such men as Doctor O'Brien and to be made known to the Catholics of the United States by such books as this one. Mexico is steeped in Catholicism, with the vast

majority of its citizens adhering to the Faith of Christ. The visitor to that country and especially the writer on things Mexican will lack the key to the understanding of the people of Mexico if he fails to remember this fact. Unfortunately much that is available in English concerning Mexico is inadequate for a complete and sympathetic understanding of what has been and is going on south of the Rio Grande.

As priest and scholar Doctor O'Brien was able to go much farther than most of our "experts" on Mexican affairs. With the need so great and becoming so increasingly imperative for a solid account of contemporary Mexican affairs, it is to be hoped that this little book will stimulate the author and inspire others to a fuller account of Mexican life.

JOSEPH B. CODE

LEND-LEASE

By E. R. Stettinius, Jr. 358 pages. The Macmillan Company. \$3.00
Back in March of 1941, after the nation had discussed the issue thoroughly, Congress authorized Lend-Lease. At that time Great Britain faced Germany alone. China stood isolated against Japan. We had a one-ocean Navy, a small Army, and almost no Air Force or war industry.

Three years have passed. Due largely to Lend-Lease, Britain, China, Russia, and our Allies have been enabled to reach the offensive stage of warfare. We ourselves have become a mighty power with a formidable Navy, Army, Air Force, Merchant Marine, and industrial war capacity. It was Lend-Lease that gave us time to muster our forces and gave our Allies equipment to withstand defeat. It has been indeed a "Weapon for Victory."

In this remarkably clear and surprisingly absorbing volume, Undersecretary of State Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., former Lend-Lease Administrator, gives an authoritative report to the nation on the workings and the achievements of Lend-Lease to date. In doing so, he has given a graphic history of the war from our neutrality and cash-and-carry days till now. He makes it clear that Lend-Lease has been employed in a common cause and operates reciprocally.

What he does not make clear is what sort of a settlement is contemplated after the war. Will it be financial, at least in part? Because the dollar sign is so constantly placed on all lend-lease reports from Washington, the American citizen needs the background of this book to counteract the tendency to demand a financial settlement in full. As Mr. Stettinius observes, the ledger cannot be balanced as between Russian lives and American tanks, for example. The

Lend-Lease Act itself provides that payment shall take the form of "any . . . direct or indirect benefit which the President deems satisfactory." All of which is pretty hazy. And all of which is a problem Mr. Stettinius unfortunately does not attempt to solve.

JAMES B. STEVENS

DEMOCRACY: SHOULD IT SURVIVE?

The William Kirby Foundation. 160 pages. Bruce. \$2.00

Fourteen noted authorities contribute to this valuable symposium on Democracy. Don Luigi Sturzo, Msgr. John A. Ryan, Philip Murray, Jane Hoey, and a number of other prominent American Catholics have written essays concerning democracy and its application to their various fields. Most notable contributors are two men, however, one of whom is not a Catholic and the other who is not an American. Walter Lippmann is the only non-Catholic contributor, but his clarity of expression and appreciation of the essentials of life make his essay on "Man in American Education" one of the outstanding contributions to the book. The other, on "Humanism and the Dignity of Man," is by Jacques Maritain, who sounds perhaps the most hopeful note in the entire book, for the noted French exile believes "that a great renewal of the spirit is being prepared, which tends to bring democracy back to its true essence and purify its principles."

Dr. Purcell of Catholic University, in his otherwise excellent essay, states: "pressure and machine politics have been curtailed." This last is one topic upon which this writer is peculiarly sensitive—and he disagrees heartily. A minor point, perhaps, but an important one. It by no means intrinsically harms one of the most competent studies for popular consumption that we have seen in some period of time.

JOHN O'CONNOR

THE AMERICAN STORY OF INDUSTRIAL AND LABOR RELATIONS

New York State Joint Legislative Committee on Industrial and Labor Conditions. 315 pages. Williams Press. Trade edition \$1.50, school edition \$1.00.

The daily press greeted the publication of this work on American industrial and labor relations with uncontrolled apprehension. It "contained TNT," it was "some kind of academic or political booby trap." A careful reading, however, clearly indicates that the main aim in the writing of the book has been well attained. It is an attempt to provide future citizens with the necessary knowledge of industrial and labor relations in order to assure the State of intelligent and just employers and workers.

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Though mostly factual, it shows, in a few places only, the influence of the Ives Committee on Industrial and Labor Conditions which sponsored it: government control is accepted as an established fact; free enterprise is made vital; and capitalism is apparently identified with private property. The first smacks of democratic totalitarianism, the second recalls the Liberalism so often condemned by the Popes, and the third plays into the hands of the Communists.

RONALD A. BEATON, C.P.

AMEN, AMEN

By S. A. Constantino, Jr. 184 pages.
Harper and Brothers. \$2.00

Back in college days the professor who had the duty to lead us into the sanctum of philosophy used to have a way of taking off his glasses, putting aside his notes, and remarking very pointedly, "Gentlemen, if you cannot explain this philosophy to the streetcar conductor, you don't know it. You only think you know it." He had a way of being impatient with abstractions. And when he said, as he often did, "If your philosophy doesn't square with common sense . . ." we would all chime in with the well-known conclusion, ". . . throw it out the window."

All this comes back over the years in reading this positively amazing work of a young Naval ensign (he's only twenty-three). Here he has given straight from the shoulder with "radio simplicity" and no punches pulled, the wisdom of ages. He's talking to Americans of the fifth decade of this century—the "guys who get an awful kick out of seeing the Dodgers get trounced in the ninth inning," who "are crazy about flapjacks and toasted cheese sandwiches," who "like the movies, lazy Sunday afternoons, shampoos, and H. V. Kaltenborn." And

he's talking to them about what we are told are favorite topics of conversation in the armed forces and among young men and women generally—God, sex, and money. "Everybody knows that things aren't clicking too well. . . . Perhaps there is something to this God business. Maybe there really is an immortal soul and a next world. Maybe there is a plausible reason for morality and justice besides prison. Yeah, maybe there is. And maybe this globe wouldn't be such a perverted mess if God and the moral law were accepted for their real worth."

This is what the book's about. Don't miss it. It's frank. It's right. It's as interesting as the sports page and it beats the comics.

DAVID BULMAN, C.P.

PERSONS AND PLACES

By George Santayana. 262 pages.
Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50

This is George Santayana's autobiography from his childhood in Spain through the days of his education at Harvard. It may be compared, both for charm of style and insidiousness, with Renan's *Souvenirs of Childhood and Youth*. Santayana, like Renan, has the nostalgia of the Catholicism he was imperfectly brought up in; but, like him, he would bury it "in the purple shroud in which the dead gods sleep." "I now saw that there was only one possible play, the actual history of nature and of mankind, although there might well be ghosts among the characters, and soliloquies among the speeches. All religions, all idealistic philosophies were the soliloquies and the ghosts."

For those insufficiently initiated to Catholic philosophy and theology, there can be nothing more disturbing than such sentimental respect combined with such arrogantly rational contempt; but to those familiar with the recent history of ideas and of Catholic apologetics, Santayana's materialism will appear as dated as the cast-off furniture in his Spanish mother's stuffy refuge in the Boston Back Bay. He read Lucretius when a sophomore, and never outgrew that experience.

And yet he brings his stone to the edifice of the Lord, for his, at least, is an honest book. It not only reveals how one remains the slave of doctrines chosen with prideful self-sufficiency, but it bears witness to the moral nihilism and despair inexorably waiting at the end of the blind alleys of thought.

Evidently one has to be saved intellectually as well as supernaturally by the word of God, or he remains at the mercy of the words of the men he chances upon; and all his life he must turn in the squirrel cage of their limita-

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tions. "Never perhaps," wrote Gilson of St. Thomas, "has a more exacting intellect responded to the call of so religious a heart." To keenness of intellect must be added the love of the revealed God. Would that Santayana, when he was a sophomore at Harvard, could have read Gilson's *The Philosophy of St. Thomas* along with Lucretius; and may he yet be moved to make that most rational of all acts: an act of humility.

LOUIS J. A. MERCIER

GOOD NIGHT, SWEET PRINCE

By Gene Fowler. 468 pages. Viking Press. \$3.50

The sixty years of John Barrymore's reckless life were characterized by wild escapades, tragic caperings, and wasted opportunities. Though his onstage moments often approached the heights of genius, his private-life scandals and dissipation tarnished the luster of his acting achievements. As a bibulous buffoon, Barrymore was the delight of the bistro set and the headline hunters, but there is little either amusing or edifying in this chronicle of his checkered career.

Gene Fowler's starry-eyed approach to his subject is undoubtedly the myopic result of close association over a period of years. He fails to create even a glimmer of sympathy or appeal in his sketch. As a biography it is frank and revealing, but the average reader will find it merely a pointless rehash of some of yesterday's less savory tabloid tales.

JOHN WYNNE

ORESTES BROWNSON

By Theodore Maynard. 456 pages. The Macmillan Company. \$3.00

Orestes Brownson is one of the forgotten American Catholics of the nineteenth century. He was a great Catholic journalist and a zealous apologist. Little of what he wrote had enduring interest, but most of what he wrote was of timely importance and influence.

Born in Vermont in 1803, he was brought up in an atmosphere of Congregationalism but became a Presbyterian in his early youth, and then a Unitarian. He acted as a Universalist minister and for a while edited the Universalist magazine, the *Gospel Advocate*. He became an independent preacher in Boston, associating with the Transcendentalists and with the founders of Brook Farm. In Boston he founded his own magazine, *Brownson's Quarterly Review*, in 1844, and until near the end of his life it remained the chief organ for the expression of his opinions on religious, social, and political subjects. He became a Catholic in Boston in 1844. He died in Detroit in 1876, and is buried in the chapel of Notre Dame University.

The articles in his own *Review* are the most important of his published

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May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. —Amen.

writings. No topic of importance in his time was neglected, and his opinions are always strong and definite. He was aggressive, positive, forceful, and uncompromising. Above all he was logical and honest.

Theodore Maynard's book is intended to be a portrait of Brownson. There are other biographies, and this is designed to correct some errors made in them and to give a better emphasis to the Catholic years of Brownson's life. The facts of his life are subordinated to the more important matter of the content of his literary works. It is on the whole a satisfactory portrait, although one might desire more detail, not about Brownson himself, but about the movements and the controversies in which he was concerned.

PETER QUINN, C.P.

A LITERARY JOURNEY THROUGH WARTIME BRITAIN

By A. C. Ward. 96 pages. Oxford University Press. \$2.00

Many in America have wondered at what the fate has been of literary landmarks in Britain after the Nazi Blitz. This report, which is really an extended essay, is the delightful result. It is a literary journey through London and from there to Canterbury, Portsmouth, Plymouth, Bath, Wales, the Lake Country, the north country, and back to London through the university towns.

Written with a wealth of quotations and anecdotes, it is a charming account, yet shot through with the melancholy results of Goering's Baedeker raids.

JANE CARROLL

IN THE NAME OF THE BEE

By Sister Mary James Power. 138 pages. Sheed & Ward. \$2.00

In the Name of the Bee is a delicate and perceptive criticism of Emily Dickinson's poetry. The thesis—that Miss Dickinson was a Catholic without knowing it—is ably, if a little too ecstatically, defended. The book is strewn with quotations that might better have been omitted, as they are not used as the basis for analysis or criticism, and the objective facts are too few in number and too exuberantly passed over for sound criticism.

There are certain characteristics of Miss Dickinson's life and poetry that point in the direction of Catholicism—the divine intoxication that makes all the world sing the praises of God, the desire to make a complete oblation of life, and the author's detachment, which raises her verse now and then to the level of vision. But when Sister Mary James Power goes beyond this and connects poem after poem with Catholic dogma or liturgy, when she describes the poet's withdrawal from life as simi-

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lar to the vocation of a Carmelite, and her rebellion against the cold formalism of New England life and religion as a movement toward Catholicism, she is on shaky ground.

In spite of this the book is valuable. I should have liked less about the bulletins from God, telegrams from the skies, and examples of poetic drollery, a little bit of which goes a long way, and more about the poems that define Miss Dickinson's talent. Neither critic nor poet has escaped from self-consciousness, except on rare occasions, and praise without definition is a little wearing. But the approach is original and interesting and the intuition sure.

N. ELIZABETH MUNROE

A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE MOVIES

By Deems Taylor. 350 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$3.95

This pictorial survey gathered from the archives covers somewhat sketchily the history of motion pictures from the Kinetoscope days to the present. An invaluable reference book for those interested in the development of the screen technique, it is also a nostalgic reminder of half-forgotten films and personalities as they appeared in their fleeting moments of glory. Though it is patently impossible to present anything approaching a comprehensive survey of the entire motion picture field in one volume, this collection of 700 stills comes closer to an accurate outline of the important trends than any other volume published to date. The obvious technical improvement and artistic advance can be noted in the chronological panorama that moves from the early slides, through the Griffith and DeMille eras down to the introduction and development of color and sound. The companion commentary by Deems Taylor covers the ground adequately without ever being bright enough to detract from the volume's principal value as a reference work and its secondary appeal as a pictorial collection.

JERRY COTTER

REVIEWERS

REV. JOSEPH B. CODE, S.T.B., Sc.Hist.D., F.R.H.S., is Executive Secretary of the Inter-American Institute.

HELEN ISWOLSKY, writer, lecturer, former Parisian journalist, is the author of *Soviet Man Now* and the recent *Soul Of Russia*.

LOUIS J. A. MERCIER, author of *The Challenge of Humanism*, *Our Lady of the Birds*, etc., is a member of the faculty of Harvard University since 1911.

N. ELIZABETH MUNROE, literary critic, author of *The Novel and Society*, is Professor of English at Brooklyn College.

REV. BERTRAND WEAVER, C.P., writer, lecturer, is a member of the Passionist Mission Band.



Fiction in Focus



By JOHN S. KENNEDY

A Bell for Adano by John Hersey

► A certain notoriety is bound to attach to this novel dealing with conditions in an Italian town liberated by the Allied troops and entrusted to AMG. It will cause a stir, first, because of its scathing portrait of a blustering and brutal American general, whom most readers will be sure they can identify; secondly, because of the hair-raising dialogue and the animalism of some of its characters. It is unfortunate that these questionable features will be considered by some the book's chief recommendation, for, apart from them, it is a sensitive and provocative presentation of a central problem of the times.

Major Victor Joppolo, USA, is a New Yorker of humble origin. He is put in charge of the town of Adano after the Allies have taken it from the Nazis. The major is no genius, and the questions which he has to try to solve are formidable. He respects the bewildered townspeople and wants nothing more than to get at least the elements of democracy functioning among them. To exorcise the remnants of Fascism is a trying task, and this is complicated by malicious rumormongering, an ingrained distrust of authority, and the thoughtlessness of Joppolo's own associates. Against weighty odds, he does a sound job. But the petty, self-centered, bullying general intervenes, and the fate of Joppolo's good beginnings in Adano is left in doubt.

Mr. Hersey's writing is plain and packs a punch. The characterization shows penetration. The continuity, somewhat tortuous, is well handled. Were it not for the needless insistence on "realism," this novel could be urged upon all hungering for adult fiction. (Knopf, \$2.50)

The Life and Death of Little Jo by Robert Bright

► If you are looking for a story that is refreshingly different, full of bright and unstereotyped humor, and poignant in a natural, unforced manner, this is your book. Nothing at all like it has come

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along since *The Human Comedy*, and I would say that the new book tops Saroyan's because it is not mannered or gushing.

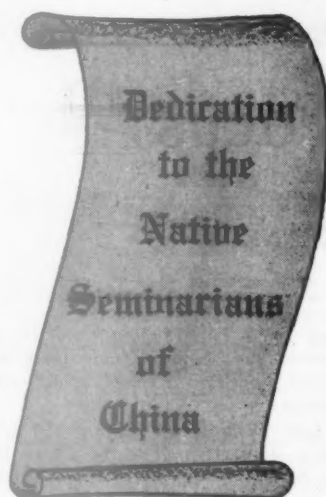
Little Jo is of Mexican stock, but a citizen of the United States, for he lives in a poor and primitive village in New Mexico. His father is Eloy, a gay musician, now a fugitive from the penitentiary where he was sent for killing another man in sudden anger. His mother is the gentle, simple Inocencia, who lives up to her lovely name. The friends of the family include old Cornelio, who waited years to inherit from a cousin a pair of spectacles which he did not need but which he wore in times of crisis; Santiago, the good-hearted father of a large family; and many other penniless folk. The forces of spite and arrogance are represented by Jo's aunt and uncle, Luz and Julian, and their son Vidal. Jo's career, from his birth and baptism to his enlistment to fight for his wonderful Uncle Sam, is an unfaltering delight, full of laughter and pathos, shining with humble joy and shadowed by humble sorrow.

(Doubleday, Doran. \$2.00)

The Landslide by Stephen Gilbert Golden Apples of the Sun by Rosemary Obermeyer

► Here are two fantasies, very different from each other. The first makes use of extraordinary natural phenomena and prehistoric creatures; the second takes the reader into a dream world more familiar and less disturbing. The first is rather subtle in its observations on human nature and labors obviously but none too successfully to point a moral about modern life; the second uses only primary colors in painting its people and is innocent of preachments. The first is better written, but not nearly so well integrated as the second. Yet it leaves on the reader a spell more haunting than that communicated by the other.

Mr. Gilbert's story brings us to the Irish seacoast. A young boy and his grandfather, who understand and love each other deeply, try the patience of



A ten-year program of mission reconstruction is already under way in China. Archbishop Zanin, Apostolic Delegate to China, has placed this decade under the Patronage of St. Francis Xavier, in commemoration of that great missionary's ten-year apostolate in the Orient.

As the fundamental step, Archbishop Zanin asks us to begin with the native seminary "whose great importance," he says, "presses upon us; for it is the condition of life and death to the Missions in China."

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(Invitation on page 502)

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the intervening generation. This friction is increased when a landslide uncovers, in a nearby valley, vestiges of a remote age which stir to life under the summer sun. A dragon and a sea serpent become friends of the old man and the boy, who are enthralled by the resurrected sample of ancient times and want to become a part of it. Their family, the villagers, and the priest are stupefied, frightened, and hostile. A weird conflict ensues. With the approach of winter, the luxuriant, outsize life of the primitive plants and animals seems doomed. Torn between their two worlds, the boy and his grandfather have to make a painful choice.

The United States is the scene of Miss Obermeyer's story, but its exact location and time would be hard to determine. The central character is Rhona, a gypsy girl. Rhona's mother dies, and the untamed sprite is caged by a respectable and prosperous town lady. Sent to a convent school, Rhona does not rest easy until she escapes. She becomes part of a strange, casual household consisting of an old man and a five-year-old girl. When it looks as if the youngster will be taken away from him, the old man decides to trek to the faraway home which he left years before and has idealized since. The three set out, accompanied by an invalid priest, an atheist musician, and a girl in search of the man she loves. Their adventures are delightfully detailed, and their arrival at journey's end makes for a rousing and satisfying climax.

Since Mr. Gilbert's book is more pretentious than Miss Obermeyer's, his incomplete success is understandable. It does not by any means make his work unworthy of attention and incapable of pleasing. Miss Obermeyer's story is charming and skillfully spun out.
(Knopf. \$2.50)
(Dutton. \$2.50)

The Visitor by Carl Randau and Leane Zugsmith

An Inch of Time by James Norman

► These are novels of suspense, intended to tantalize the reader and, at the end, to surprise him. They differ in settings and style. A humdrum American town is the locale for *The Visitor*, and its characters are the reverse of spectacular. Neither the place nor the people for mystery, one would say. But *An Inch of Time* transports one to the wild mountains of China, where bizarre representatives of many nationalities are playing a dangerous game which might be called "Who's Who?"

The identity of *The Visitor* is the big question in the novel so named. Judith Cunningham has for three years worried about her son who disappeared at

fourteen. Her second husband, the boy's stepfather, is a paragon of devotion, but he cannot ease her anxiety. Others in the town have been permanently affected by the boy's abrupt departure. One day a youth comes to Judith and says he is her son, Bud. She takes him in, treats him as if he were Bud, but is harried by doubts, as is everyone else who meets the boy. There are things about him which would argue his being what he says he is; other things which make his claim debatable. How the uncertainty is resolved and what further surprises burst on the townspeople, the last, and easily the best, portion of the book discloses. The authors had the materials for an original novel of suspense, but clumsily misused them. After an intriguing start, the story slows to an aimless dogtrot, and, though its close is brisk and credible, the dullness of the long middle section is fatal to interest.

Mr. Norman, on the other hand, strives to keep the reader on his toes every minute. But he tells one so much meaning so little, he shifts scenes so frequently, he contrives so many minor mysteries, he insists on so much cryptic talk, that one goes frantically in quest of the aspirin bottle. The elements for an exotic and engaging yarn are here, and it is clear that the author is no mean hand either at character projection or at narrative. But the complications are too numerous and dizzying.

(Random House. \$2.50)

(Morrow. \$2.50)

Dirigo Point by Elizabeth Foster

► Jasmin is lunching at the Ritz. She is with her father. Her father is divorced from her mother. Her mother still loves her father—Jasmin's father, of course. Perhaps I'd better call these parents Roger and Laura. Where was I? Oh, yes. Well, Roger still loves Laura. But Sandy, too, loves Laura and has waited twenty years for her to get over loving Roger. Jasmin loves Tony. Tony loves Jasmin, but Jasmin does not think that Tony loves her. Tony tells Jasmin that he loves her. They decide to marry. This distresses Laura, for Tony is Margot's son. It was Margot who broke up Laura's marriage. Roger, you see, loved Margot. But now Roger asks Laura to marry him again, for he knows he has never loved anyone else. Laura is very happy. Then she sees Roger with Margot and thinks that he loves Margot. She is very unhappy. She tells Sandy she loves him and asks him to marry her. He refuses. Jasmin turns away from Tony when she is told that he is her half-brother. Laura avoids Roger. But why go on? Love triumphs, of course, and the verdict is: Awful!

(Houghton Mifflin. \$2.50)

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